CHICAGO FIELD

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XI.—No. 18. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879. $4.00 Per Year

Battery Shooting.

BY ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

"My sakes!" said Mr. Fraser to me one day last winter, "if you will only build a double battery here we can kill the ducks. Oh! Oh! we will kill a hundred in a day. The gunners are too busy oystering and have let their 'rigs' rot out and nobody disturbs the birds at all the whole length of the great South Bay. You have a yacht and I know just where I can get a full set of stools and if you build a double battery so that we can 'lay' together we will make the biggest bag of any body on the island. We know we can shoot and what, with the stools I have and those I can get, we will have a rig of a hundred and fifty decoys at least, and no one can beat us."

"I have little faith in shooting on Long Island," I answered, doubtingly; "the birds will not stop where they are shot at so persistently."

"Oh, Roosevelt, you're wrong; they tell me the bay's alive with birds all through the Spring."

"I am afraid you are over enthusiastic, the batteries drive the ducks away, and where there is no shooting except from batteries as in our bay there cannot be many ducks."

"But I have seen them! From my home I can look over the whole bay, and my sakes, there are days when the air is just filled with them; they look like flies, and when at a distance seem to be columns of smoke."

"Well, I would far rather kill a dozen ducks a day near home than go five hundred miles into the windernesses and swamps of Currytuck to shoot four times as many, but I am in this matter a man of little faith."

"You do not know, you have not shot here for years, and things have changed. The men can make five or six dollars a day from their oysters and that pays them better than the chances of shooting, and you can see their batteries turned upside down, and going to ruin all along the shore. I tell you nobody shoots any more except when a chance gunner comes down from New York."

So I was persuaded against my preconceptions, but I could not resist my friend's enthusiastic and confident manner. My hopes lent him associate counsel. I wanted to be convinced, and I was; and set about building the battery at once. "Battery" is the sporting name for a box made precisely like a coffin except that it has a platform of boards a foot wide extending out from the upper edge. The battery is anchored on some shoal spot where the ducks are in the habit of feeding, the decoys are anchored by strings and bricks around it and the shooter lies at his length in it, completely concealed from view. Weights are used to sink the battery level with the water and a mat of canvas called a "fender" about twelve feet square and floated by light boards across it, is fastened at the head to break the force of the waves which would otherwise wash in, and two folding frames of board and canvas are hinged to the sides for the same purpose. It is evident from this description that a battery can only be used in moderate weather and where there is little sea, for it is so low in the water that the waves are apt to break over the sides unless the water is smooth. It is true there is a strip of sheet lead along the rim that can be bent up so as to raise the sides a couple of inches, but that is an inefficient protection in anything like rough weather.

A double battery is a double coffin, the two boxes being side by side so that the two gunners, when using it, lie as near together as they would in a "three-quarter" bed except that there is a wooden partition between them. They cannot shoot one another for the reason that they are so close that by no possibility can one bring the muzzle of his gun in range with the other. Such a "machine," as it is so often called, can only be used with safety or advantage in case, as happened in this instance, one man shoots from his right shoulder and the other from his left. The position in battery shooting is so cramped that the sportsman can command but about one half of the field as he can only swing his gun one way, and many birds are lost by their going on the wrong side. Where there are two shooting right and left handed and lying together they cover the whole ground and should kill almost every duck that comes to them.

Fraser is a good shot, few better even among the professionals, and he wanted to show them what a couple of "Yorkers," as the inhabitants along the bay call us sportsmen, could do. He undertook to oversee the construction of the battery, as my carpenter had never made one before. I went to New York. The country, even the kindly sands and pines of Long Island is attractive for but half the year, when compared with the comforts, excitements, and dissipations of the city in Winter. Beautiful snow is poetical but bothersome, and slush, which is snow's alternate near the salt air, is not even poetical. When mother earth hardens her breast and becomes a flinty-hearted step-mother, it is time for her sons, in my opinion, to leave her till she is in a softer humor, and although ice is admirable in its place, a mint julep, or sherry cobbler, for instance, it is bitterly cold in other places. Winter is necessary as a training and preparation for Summer, but considered as itself, it is a bore. When I came back in a month or so, the battery was built, and ready in the shop. Fraser is tall, so the boxes had to be long; I am stout, so they had to be wide. It was six feet three inches long, four feet two inches wide, and one foot deep.

"It is a splendid battery," said my friend, excitedly. "The finest on the bay. Plenty of room, just try it, see here," and with that he jumped into it, threw himself at full length on his back, perceived an imaginary duck, seized an imaginary gun, rose promptly to a sitting posture, brought his imaginary weapon to his face and killed his imaginary game in fine style. Then he sprang out as quickly as he had got in.

"There is not such another battery on the south side. We shall astonish the old gunners."

"But," said I, having gazed at this enormous box with serious misgiving, and made a mental calculation of its capacity, "how much weight will it require to sink it?"

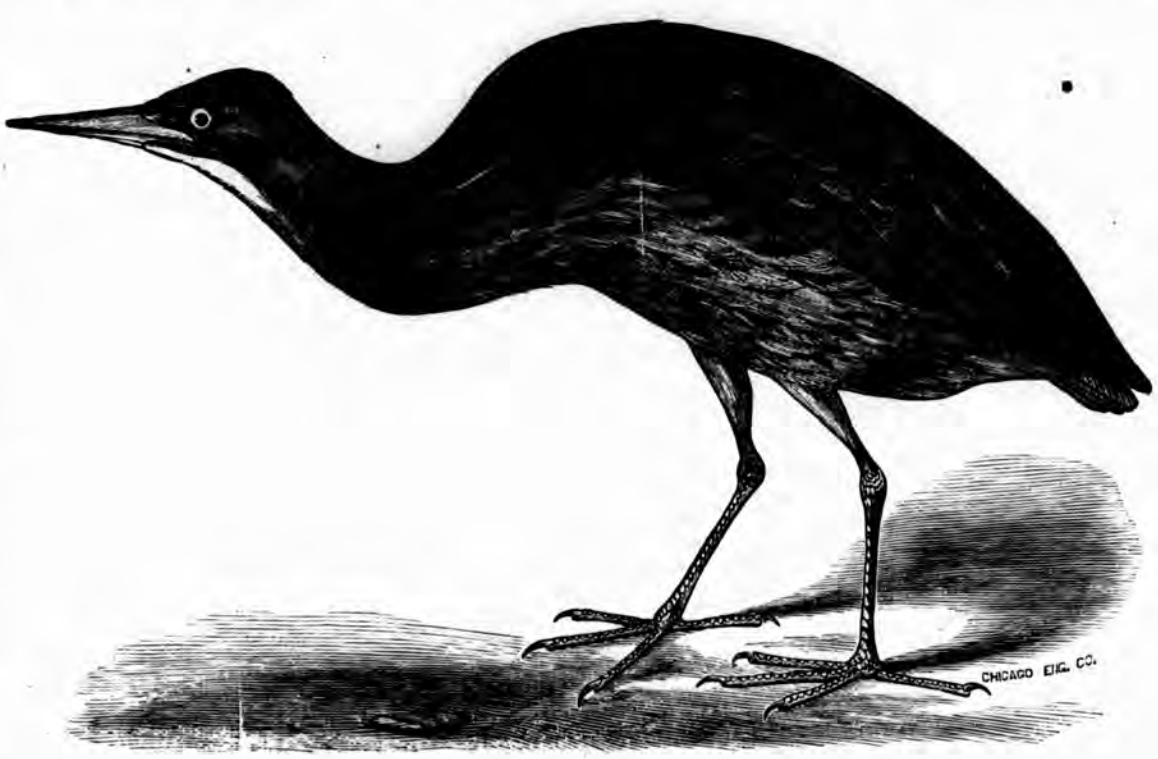
"Oh," answered he, with all confidence, "you are a heavy man, and I have six iron ducks to set on the platform; they weigh fifty pounds a piece, and then we can get at least three hundred pounds in square ballast from the yacht."

"You weigh 180 lbs.," I replied, "I weigh 212; say 400 lbs., that with 300 lbs. of iron decoys and as much more of ballast, will make 1,000 lbs. That battery will support 1,800. Where are we to get the 800 lbs.?"

"My sakes," exclaimed my companion, his blue eyes widening into expressive wonderment, "eighteen hundred pounds! Why, it will sit up like a barn in the middle of the bay. There won't a duck come near it. I wish you had come home sooner."

"It is not too late yet, perhaps. I will lie in the box made for you and we will end the battery round and cut mine down to the narrowest possible dimensions, although even then I have my doubts."

"That will make it all right," he replied, recovering his spirits. "You have not allowed for our ammunition; I have loaded five hundred cartridges with five drachms of powder and two ounces of shot. I have never used more than four drachms before, with an ounce and a half of shot, but there is always a big flight of brant in Spring and they are shy."



THE AMERICAN BITTERN. (*Botaurus Minor, Gm.*)

So the carpenter set to work rebuilding the battery, and Howell, our skipper, got the little yacht out of her Winter quarters, for Fraser was all eagerness, protesting that we should be too late, the best of the shooting being always to be had close to the first of March. He and the skipper spent all one night getting her out over the bar, but by the time I came from the city again she was rigged and provisioned and lying to her anchor in the bay.

"Oh Roosevelt," he exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, "what a pity we could not get off sooner. Charley Green tells me the bay is full of ducks. Why, we could have killed a hundred."

"But you know a battery could not have lived in such weather as we have had, and we should have been frozen to death besides."

"Oh, no fear of that. I have had a fire in the stove and warmed up the cabin. The water came out of the boards as though it were raining. What could have caused that?"

"The frost, probably, and, although I have the heaviest blankets I could find, I am afraid we shall not be able to sleep for the cold."

"Oh, now don't say that. Why, I have shot in a snow storm all day long in Peconic Bay."

"And nearly perished," I answered, for I remembered that he had told me that he had lain down three times in the snow on his way home from that expedition, expecting to die, and was only saved by accident. "We are too young and beautiful to die yet."

"The boss is right," chimed in Howell. "The weather is mighty rough even for March, and it will be cold. Mr. Hibbard, that I went with for five years duck shooting, used to say he didn't like sleeping in the cold. When the weather came out rough he'd say, 'Mr. Howell, put her for home if you can get there; I like to sleep in a house in Winter.' And we never got ketched out all the while I was with him, although we had some pretty stiff times of it."

"Well, we're all ready now," continued Fraser, "and the sooner we are off the better; I'll risk our not sleeping. What we must do is get over on the ground before dark so as to find where the birds are, stay there all night and be out by day light next morning. After all this trouble we mus'n't let any one get ahead of us."

"It would be rather unsatisfactory to spend half a day and be uncomfortable all night," I agreed, "and then oversleep ourselves and on waking find somebody in possession of our chosen ground. That is a favorite trick of baymen to play us Yorkers."

"Don't be afraid, neighbor," chimed in Howell, promptly, "I am a good man to wake, and long as I was with Mr. Hibbard I never overslept myself. He would always say, 'Howell, I am going to sleep, call me when it's time to turn out for you're better than any watch,' and we never missed it, although after a hard day's work I was sometimes pretty well tired out."

"But, Howell," I asked, "isn't it blowing too hard? We don't feel the wind as strongly here as we do on the bay, but it seems to me there is a stiff breeze blowing."

"Oh, now, Roosevelt," broke in Fraser, reproachfully, as if I were as responsible for the weather as Old Probabilities, "don't say that after all the trouble we have had—don't talk that way. I've got everything aboard, the mattresses, and stores, and coal, and water—everything is ready."

"But there is no use going and half freezing all night if we cannot shoot. What do you say, Howell?"

"Well, boss, neighbor is rather eager and I don't like to say anything against what he wishes, but it is as well to be a little moderate. The weather is rough, there's no denying it. We don't often have as late a Spring as this, but I'm ready to go if the boss wishes it."

"It's not what I wish, but the question is whether there is any use in going. Can a battery live in such weather?"

"It's pretty windy. You know how it is, boss, it is always worse on the bay than among the trees ashore, and we're sheltered here. The weatner may be calmer tomorrow."

"Oh, now," said Fraser, much disappointed, "what's the use giving up before you know? The wind's west and may all calm down before tomorrow morning. It often does just towards night."

"What do you say, Howell?" I asked, per-emptorily.

"Neighbor don't understand very well about a boat, the wind's northwest and that makes it a little rough on the south shore; it's been that way two days and we generally think a northwester will last three days in Spring."

"That is just what I thought. Fraser, let's wait till to-morrow. We can get off early if the weather is favorable."

My friend was very miserable for at least five minutes, but after that he recovered his spirits and insisted upon loading five hundred cartridges for me. I did not let him put in five drachms of powder, however, nor two ounces of shot. Next day was as fair and beautiful as nature could make it. The sun waked me, and I was out ere its beams had much more than touched the lake at the foot of the lawn, but not sooner than Fraser had arrived from his house.

"Oh, dear," he said, more touchingly reproachful than ever, "what a pity; if we had only been on the ground we could have killed a hundred ducks. Oh, Roosevelt, don't let's lose a minute. Are you all ready?"

"Yes, but still I have my doubts. I have been defrauded in this matter before now. There is no such liar as your soft March morning hour."

"But you mean to go, don't you?"

"Certainly, but whether we shoot anything or not is another question."

"Shoot! now, don't talk so! Charley Green has been oystering and he says there are millions of broad bills. I wish you had more confidence. I should just like you to kill a hundred ducks some morning; and we'll do it, we're sure to do it."

By this time the horse was harnessed and we had set off, but I noticed that already a gentle breeze was dimpling the surface of the lake. We picked up Howell on the way, and Fraser reproached him bitterly for his want of foresight.

"Well, neighbor," replied the skipper, "I may have been wrong, a man can't always be sure of the weather."

"Wrong, of course you were; what better day could you have?"

By this time the breeze had become fresh and was rising rapidly. Northwesters in the early part of the year have a nasty fashion of going to bed at sundown and getting up next morning, and the more gently they sleep the more boysterous are apt to be their waking hours. We passed a boatman and Howell asked him if we could go on the bay. He shook his head in the negative; and when we reached the shore the bay-men were collected in groups behind boxes or old boats, or whatever would make a

lee against the stiff breeze that was already blowing. We had quite an assortment of miscellaneous objects with us—our guns, blankets, baskets of fresh provisions, cartridges, and there was a sea running that made it difficult for us to get these on board. But we succeeded, and then sat in the cabin for an hour, by the end of which it was blowing a gale and we nearly swamped our small boat in returning to shore.

It blew a gale without intermission for a week which I passed in New York, as much to escape the lamentations of my friend as to avoid the frightful weather. When I revisited the country, however, affairs were more promising, and we got under way. The battery was a huge affair, and we could find no place to stow it except directly across the cockpit. There we had to raise it on blocks and lash it firmly, leaving a narrow space just wide enough to crawl through to reach the cabin. Howell remained on deck and steered while we crept below to escape from the wind.

"My sakes, Roosevelt," said Fraser, when we were seated on the bunks facing one another, and shut out wholly from the outer world by the huge box over the companion-way and cockpit, his clear blue eyes growing bigger and becoming luminous in the dim light, "my sakes, I don't like being shut in like this. Suppose we were to capsize, how would we ever get out! I can't swim a stroke, but I should rather drown in the open air."

It was an appalling situation, made more so by the batteries slipping from the chocks and shutting us in altogether, but we crossed the bay in safety, and when Howell had come to anchor and lowered the sails he shoved the battery overboard and let it float in peaceful company with the two boats loaded with decoys, that we were towing and thus relieved us from durance. It was not yet dark but there was too much "sea on" for our "machine," which was all right so long as it was not weighted, but which would have gone to the bottom in a moment had it been ballasted for shooting. There were ducks flying in abundance. I took up the glass to watch their motions and course of flight while Fraser became excited. "Oh, look," he cried, jerking me round by the shoulders and throwing the glass off the flock I was following. "Look there, there's another flock," he added, pulling me back again before my eyes had been fixed on those he first spoke of. "Oh, see those," he cried in an instant on perceiving the third flock. "There's another. Here are some more. Oh! Oh!! look behind you. Here, here, over to the right. There, now there, straight in front. Oh! Oh!! if you only saw those behind you. Roosevelt, we could kill a hundred ducks. Do you see them, Roosevelt, do you see them?"

"I might if you would let me be still a moment, but you jerk me around so quickly that I cannot say I do see much."

"But I want you to see them. You think there are no ducks. Oh, Howell, can't we put out the battery? can't we?"

"Neighbor, it's rather too rough. Neighbor can see for himself there is a heavy sea running, unless we could find a seaweed bunk to lie behind, that would break the sea off."

"Well, can't we find one? can't we? Oh, look at those birds; there's a pair, there another pair, and that's a single one. They'd every one come to the stools. Can't we find a sea-weed bunk?"

"Well, neighbor, I looked for one all the way across but could not find it. I never saw the bay so free from sea-weed."

By this time the wind was piercingly cold and I was not sorry to take refuge in the cabin with a good fire and settle down to enjoy a warm supper and a quiet cigar. A yacht is not a warm place at the best of times after sunset, but in winter it is excessively cold, and we needed the best efforts of our little stove to keep us comfortable. However, the evening passed pleasantly enough, and our supper tasted better than any I ever ate at Delmonico's, so that I complimented Howell on his cookory.

"Mr. Hibbard," he responded, well pleased, "said to me many times, 'Howell, you are a good cook. and can get up a meal from almost anything,' still he liked to live well, and we had the best of all kinds of canned goods if we could not have fresh. But I could generally manage to get something fresh. Many's the time he's said to me, 'Howell, can't we have a clam chowder?' and I have answered, 'Mr. Hibbard, we'll see.' We always had the tongs aboard, and you know, boss, you could hardly put a man that understands his business anywhere in this bay that he couldn't find a mess of clams. Then we used to go fishing. Neighbor here now does not care for fishing, but Mr. Hibbard was almost as fond of fishing as he was of shooting, and when we couldn't find the snipe in Summer we would go for the blue-fish or king-fish."

"Did you ever catch many king-fish?"

"Boss, you'd be surprised when I tell you that off Green's Point Mr. Hibbard once caught sixty king-fish in a few hours."

"Capital fish they are. But is not this the time for flat fishing?"

"They must be catching them now. If neighbor here only cared for flat-fishing we could have good sport. Mr. Hibbard used to enjoy it. Why, they are so plenty that they swarm around the bait as you pull it up so that he could spear them. 'Howell,' he'd say, 'I don't care how I get them, so long as I get enough of them.' We would fairly load the boat down and give them away, you know, boss, when we got in, as Mr. Hibbard never liked to have any good food spoilt and wasted."

There is one excellence about our skipper, he will talk as long as any one will listen to him, he never tires. But on board ship we turn in early, especially when we have to turn out again at four in the morning of a cold spring day. Our skipper's pleasant gift was offset by one equally charming on the part of my companion. Mr. Fraser knows nothing whatever about a boat, a child could scarcely know less, but the enthusiastic way in which he assists with everything is only equalled by the extent of wrong which he does. He never by any possibility does the right thing and he generally does the contrary so effectually that no one else can set it straight, beside getting more in the way through his misdirected efforts than would be supposed possible without long experience in his company. He had been hard at work making the fire for the night and it was all important to our comfort that it should not go out. In vain had Howell offered to relieve him of the labor, he explained that he knew just how a fire ought to be made to last. So having taken off some of our heaviest outer clothing we wrapped our blankets round us and rolled into our narrow bunks. Howell was to put out the light, but, before he did so he said:

"Boss, it would be better to hang your watch up so that I can light a match and see the time and be sure not to get you out too early. Mr. Hibbard would say, 'Howell, sleeping or waking seems to be all the same to you, you seem to be always awake,' and he used just to leave his watch hanging on a hook and bother himself no more about it."

I took out my watch and mechanically opened to see the hour. It had stopped! It was a common affair I kept for boating, and it was out of order so that it would run for a time and thus had deceived me. Fraser relying on me had left his at home. This was a bad business, getting up at uncertain houre is not the way to kill ducks, but there was no help for us and Howell reassured me.

"Well Boss, I dont think it's much matter; I'll be awake in time, Mr. Hibbard said to me a hundred times, 'Howell, you're as good as a clock yourself you can wake up at any hour you set yourself for.' So I think we are all right."

On that we were fain to let it go and surrender ourselves to sleep. But scarcely was I in my first nap before I waked with a sensation of cold. Not being used to sleep in the air I suppose I was more than commonly sensitive and quietly reached out for my over-jacket. That warmed me but only for a few minutes. I waked again, shivering, and this time laid my great coat over me. Again I dozed off to dream of the North Pole, Arctic expeditions and icebergs, to again wake fairly freezing. I piled on a heavy waterproof, a shawl, and finally some loose pieces of carpet off the cabin floor, and still I was so cold my teeth began to chatter. The wood work of the cabin struck a chill through me if I touched it. I was a mere bundle of clothing and bed covers, and yet I felt more like perishing of cold than getting asleep. Suddenly I noticed a queer scraping noise. I lay still and listened. The cabin was pitch dark and I could see nothing. It was the queerest noise I ever had heard on board of a boat, and I was alarmed. The whistle of the wind, the rattling of the blocks, the swash or ripple of the water, the rapping of the rigging, all these I understood, but a scratching, scraping, rustling noise was new to me and I feared portended trouble. Could we have sprung a leak, I thought. Were we on the bottom? I was at a loss. Still the strange sound continued. It sounded like a rat making free with our provisions; but who ever heard of a rat on board a yacht? I determined to see, and getting a match quietly from my pocket rubbed it and struck a light. Across the cabin, with his head braced against the bulwark over the stove, was Howell, swaying to and fro, and with his hat making the queer noise I had heard.

"Howell!" I exclaimed in alarm, "what's the matter, are you sick?"

"No, boss," he said, feebly, "I'm only frozen. Neighbor made the fire so it all went out, and the cold has struck clean through me. Mr. Hibbard used to say," he added, with chattering teeth, "'Howell, I never knew a man who could sleep through so much cold as you can.' He was right, but neighbor is too much for me."

"My sakes!" came dismally from the depths of the other bunk and blankets, "are you all awake? I haven't slept a wink all night. I didn't know it was going to be so cold as this. Charley Green told me they never had any trouble sleeping on board their boat."

"But, neighbor, they don't put the fire out to begin with."

"My sakes, is the fire out? Why, I made it up to stay in all night. You must have changed it."

"I didn't touch it 'till it was out," answered Howell, rattling away at it vigorously, "but I am going to fix it so it will burn."

"That's right," said my friend, as happy as ever, "or we'll all be dead before morning."

Howell succeeded, the genial warmth soon spread itself through the cabin, and at last we were fairly asleep. In what seemed to me but a few minutes, however, I waked again to hear Howell and Mr. Fraser disputing.

"Now, don't let's stay here till sunrise," were the first words I heard from Mr. Fraser. "You know, Howell, we ought to be out by day break. Just see how light it is. Why, the light shines through these little windows."

"Neighbor, that's the moon. I don't believe it is time to get up yet."

"But, Howell, I tell you I always wake every morning exactly at four o'clock. It's a habit I've fallen into. What a pity it would be after taking all this trouble if we didn't get rigged out in time, or some one else stole our place. You know we've got to sail a little further down the bay to get on our ground."

"Well, neighbor, I'll go if the boss says so, but I think it's nearer twelve o'clock than four."

"Oh, don't talk that way. Twelve o'clock, why I never got asleep till twelve o'clock. Do let's be off."

At this I crawled out of my berth and went on deck. It was one of the most brilliant moonlight nights, although a slight haze was rising and coming in from the sea. There was not a breath of wind on the water, the surf seemed beating at our feet, and the ducks and brant talked loudly in their strange, but manifestly, articulate animal language. It was impossible to guess the hour, and so as we were all awake and had to run a short distance to the westward, we determined to get under way. Fraser devoted himself to preparing the breakfast and Howell and I made sail. It took us longer than we expected, the wind was so light, but when we finally anchored again we seemed no nearer daybreak than when we started. However, we began to be hungry and collected at our hospitable centre-board.

"What in heaven's name is this?" I inquired, taking up a dish of what seemed to be well charred cinders.

"That is sausage," replied Fraser, with the proud consciousness of having done his full duty. "Sausage should be thoroughly cooked, to kill the trichinæ, you know." "And what do you call this?" I asked as I pursued my investigations into a yellow conglomerate that looked as though it might have come down from the eocene or any other pre-historic period.

"And what does make this coffee so abominable?" I asked again, scarcely able to swallow the bitter decoction in my cup.

"Abominable," replied Fraser, as nearly indignant as was possible to his good nature. "That's the same coffee we had last night. I put some more coffee in the pot and set it on the stove the first thing, and have had it boiling ever since."

"Boss," said Howell, "let me clear these things away, there is plenty of time for me to cook you some breakfast before we have to rig out. Mr. Hibbard used to say, 'Howell, no one can make better coffee than you do.' Boss, it was only because I never put the coffee in the pot till the water was boiling and then I served it at once. It don't do to leave it stand too long, you know."

We had a fresh breakfast served and eaten, and our cigars smoked, and still no signs of day. If anything it became darker on account of the increasing haze We could scarcely see the shore, and the time began to hang heavily on our hands in spite of our efforts to amuse ourselves with such merry diversions as oiling our guns and arranging our cartridges. We waited and waited, and when daylight came at last it proved that Howell was right, we must have started our shooting at about one o'clock in the morning. But the day arrived and the weather was moderate and the ducks were abundant, and Fraser felt that we were to be repaid for our trouble and misfortunes. He set out the battery and helped Howell arrange the stools with glorious enthusiasm.

"Get into the battery," he exclaimed, "and I will hand you the cartridges and guns, and we can see if it needs any more ballast. We have put in six large weights, and laid the six iron ducks on the platform, and we can get as much more ballast as we want out of the yacht."

I stepped in, then Fraser got in, then Howell went for a fresh load of weights. We put them in. Still the battery would not sink, but stood up in the air like a mud-scow on a flat.

"Get some more, Howell," shouted Fraser, "bring another load."

"Neighbor, I am afraid there's no room, the box is half full already, and you can hardly lie down as it is."

"Howell," I said, in the recklessness of despair, "get in yourself."

He did so. There we were, the battery half full of iron, six iron ducks on the platform and we three inside, and yet it perversely remained six inches above the water. There was no chance that a duck would come within a mile of such a Noah's ark.

"Howell," I exclaimed, "start for home as soon as you can, and when you get there break this bi— blessed thing up for firewood, and get some one to build me a single battery that knows something about it."

"My sakes! Howell," asked Fraser, his eyes wide as saucers, "don't you think some ducks would come to us if we are a little higher out of water than we ought to be, just a few?"

"Well, neighbor, ducks is shy around here, you know, they are shot at so much, and then there'd be such a swash of the water over the fender, I really don't think it would be any use."

As we were taking the things aboard, Fraser saw ducks in all directions. They came singly, in pairs, in flocks, but in such a way that we knew they would all stool if our battery was only right. Then came a deep revulsion of spirits, and he descended to the cabin, hung his legs over a box in front of the stove, buried his head in a pile of blankets in the depths of his berth and gave himself up to silent despair. I endeavored to rouse him by calling out to him whenever I saw a fine flock passing, but my attempts did not seem to elevate his spirits.

So I went to New York again, having warned Fraser to try the battery before we started on another expedition. We were now in April, having passed March in these unsuccessful efforts after sport, and the weather was improving, while the brant were making their appearance in the bay, and replacing the whistlers and broadbills that had already begun to wing their way to the northern breeding grounds. I was expecting this, and well aware what a magnificent bird the "brent goose" is, I returned to the country with more confidence. Brant when they will stool come to the decoys gloriously, and it is enough to make an old sportsman's heart beat and his nerves quiver to see a flock of these splendid birds come sailing down huddled together, and with wings extended to his decoys.

I found Mr. Fraser, but he seemed downcast. To my proposal to start for the shooting grounds he replied: "Didn't you get my letter? Oh well, it's no use. I am disappointed in Howell. He's not the man I thought. If we had had Charley Green it would have been different!"

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Won't the battery work?"

"Yes, it worked well enough; but I did not think Howell would act as he did."

"What has happened, then?"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it. You remember you told us to try the battery, so as soon as it was finished we started early one morning across the bay. The birds were plenty and the day was just right. We set out our rig and I got in and commenced shooting. My sakes, Roosevelt! I put too much powder in those cartridges." He said this with sudden energy, expressive of a lively recognition of the power of an overloaded gun, but relapsed again into a monotone of disappointment. "But that's no matter. I have been unloading them ever since; that is all. I had only been shooting almost an hour when there came up a sudden squall. Howell was off in the yacht driving up the birds, and by the time he reached me it was blowing hard. I got out of the battery and took off the iron decoys and then Howell insisted upon trying to haul the battery on board. Oh, well, Roosevelt, there is no use talking about it, but the moment we pulled on the rope the wind got under the fender, lifted the whole battery out of water, as though it were a shingle or a kite, turned it right over, bottom side up."

"Was it smashed?" I asked, beginning to sympathize with his appreciation of our bad luck.

"No. We got it aboard at last but we lost all the weights and one wing." Then he added, after a pause, "Howell had no right to say what he did."

"What was that?" I asked.

"Well, now, Roosevelt, you know I am not quick to take offense, but when a man tells me I don't know one end of a boat from another he goes too far. I do know one end of a boat from another. I have asked Charley Green to get the weights and wing that we lost, and he has promised to do so, but I cannot go with Howell again after his saying I did not know one end of a boat from another."

I felt that my friend was right, and leaving him sent for Howell and demanded an explanation.

"Why, boss," said the latter, frankly, "I was wrong, I know I was, but you understand about Mr. Fraser. It is wonderful how a man could have been on the water so much and learn so little about a boat. Everything went wrong that day. His gun was loaded too heavy and he missed the birds, boss, he did. When I went into him the first time after he had fired a dozen shots, he had only killed one duck, and I said to him, 'You ain't killing them very well this morning.' That was a mistake and made him angry, I am afraid. I never should have said it, but neighbor is a first-rate shot generally if his gun is loaded right, and I never saw him make such bad work. Then that squall came up and it was blowing hard, boss, and I had all I could do to take the yacht across the bay all alone, for neighbor, you know, doesn't understand about a boat and does the wrong thing pretty much always. I had to ask him to go into the cabin and let me manage her alone, or I don't know where we should have gone to, boss; but I was hasty and spoke before I thought. I am sorry for it, boss."

"Can we find the weights again?" I inquired.

"Oh yes, I buoyed the spot at the time, and Charley Green was oystering close by and he picked them up, and the wing, too, and they are all aboard. We are ready to start at any time boss says. The weather looks good and there are plenty of birds in the bay."

I made the peace between Howell and Mr. Fraser, who is of a forgiving disposition under all circumstances, and once more we departed on our search after a day's battery shooting. The weather was superb, and Fraser's spirits had recovered their natural joyousness. At daylight next morning I was lying on my back in the miniature coffin, with the decoys floating and bobbing around me, the wavelets lapping against the fender and running harmlessly up on the platform and the leaden sky above me. I was very much alone, not merely in, but actually under, that waste of waters. As Fraser and Howell had sailed away with the yacht my friend's last words were:

"Kill 'em, Roosevelt, be sure you kill 'em. I want you to kill a hundred and I won't get in the box all day if they only fly well for you."

Battery shooting is curiously weird and lonesome work. The water is shoal, so there is no actual danger, but the situation is a strange one. The sportsman is the most helpless creature alive. He cannot escape, he cannot pick up his birds, he cannot leave his place of confinement except by swimming, which in the ice-cold water of March and April is not a pleasant recourse. He lies on the broad of his back, gazing at the sky and horizon; his gun resting beside him with its muzzle on the edge of the box and his cartridges under his head. The decoys dance about in the rippling waves and nod at him as much as to say: "We see you there, we know you; you have about as much brains as we have; not quite, perhaps, for we can float away and you cannot. We can move around, and you must be rather cramped in that narrow box; it is very like a coffin, but don't let that trouble you; it is not likely that you'll drown; there won't be any ducks along

this morning, however; but we are here, we will stand by you." They seem so much alive, although their motions are odd and strange, as if they were the bodies of dead ducks, resuscitated, ducks that had left their souls in the world of spirits, but had returned with every other element of vitality. They are queer company, but they were all the company I had. Occasionally in the dim distance where the clouds of the sky came down to the misty waters of the bay, I would see faint, black specks moving, and now and then a flock would make a nearer sweep towards me, but none came half way within gun shot. When ducks do come to the decoys of a battery, nothing is more curious and exhilarating. When first observed they resemble flies above the water, and seem no larger. Then as they approach they increase in size, growing every moment larger and larger; their colors, which at first are a sombre uniformity, become distinguishable; their feet are noticed, then their bills, then their eyes, and their distinctive shapes and hues, tell, as they arrive directly over the stools, they look like huge exaggerations of ducks, terrible antediluvian birds, or mythical rocs about to swoop down upon the unfortunate gunner and carry him off in their talons. The moment, however, the latter rises from his recumbent attitude to a sitting posture, the delusion vanishes, objects resume their normal condition and the ducks retire to their natural size. The inexperienced sportsman is apt to make the mistake of rising too soon and finding when he is in a position to judge distance better than when lying on the broad of his back, that his game is still out of reach.

The ducks gave me no occasion to experience these sensations, they kept well off in the distance. In vain I called or kicked for them. These are two encouragements, as it is supposed, to the nearer approach of timid or unobservant flocks. Broad bills utter a queer labial cry which might be spelt p-r-r-r-t as well as with any other letters, and by the repetition of this call they can sometimes be induced to place greater confidence in their bogus brethren. So also if the gunner suddenly raises and drops his leg when a flock is passing out of reach they will sometimes turn and "come in." But these ingenious ruses had failed with me. "He cometh not," I said, and said it more than once. The ducks were scarce and well educated, they had made the acquaintance of batteries and wooden stools before, and did not care for any closer intimacy. The wind and sea had increased till it became necessary to watch the battery lest the water should make its way in, and I pulled up the sheet lead around the edge of the box. The sensation was pleasant, however; I was literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep," the waves giving a gentle swaying motion to the battery. But they were growing more and more angry every moment, they ran hissing up in the platform, they dashed against the lead rim, they flung spiteful spray over my head and fell in thick drops upon the barrels of my gun. I was about giving up and "swinging" for the yacht, that is waving my hat for my companions to come to my rescue, when I saw two whistlers at last headed for the stools. I expected them to turn off but they did not, they came right on, nearer and nearer till I dropped my hand upon the stock of my gun and got ready for my first shot. Just as I was about rising, one second more and I should have done so, when they alighted on the water. They had settled just out of gun shot, and with the wind that was blowing would soon be carried far away. There was only one chance. Ducks when leaving the water have to "breast up" against the wind, this would bring them a little nearer, and was my only hope. As I rose they did, and came quartering towards me. At my first barrel one rolled over stone dead, and fell with a slap on the water; the second barrel hit the other hard but he kept on.

I watched the wounded duck. It is a tantalizing sensation to see your game fly away, to have a bird that ought to stop and die decently, refuse to do so, but keep up an unnatural life and activity. This sort of behavior shakes the sportsman's faith in the nature of ducks, the strength of powder and the quality of his gun, though he persistently refuses to admit doubts as to the accuracy of his aim. I followed that eccentric bird with my eyes. I turned round to do so, then I got on my knees as he went behind me. He would fly some distance and then would pretend he was about to fall, but changing his mind, would recover and go on, only to make another pretense of falling with another recovery, and so on to my disappointed gaze and straining eyes till he passed entirely out of sight. By the time I knew I should see him no more, the yacht had run down to me picking up my game on the way and rounding up into the wind dropped anchor a few yards beyond me. Howell knew it was time to take up the battery on account of the sea, and had prepared for that as he came to and lowered the jib, the heaviest skiff which was towing by a long painter swung down against the fender of the battery. I was afraid it would tear the canvas and stood watching it, oblivious for the moment to other matters. I heard the swash of water but did not notice whence it came. There was more noise of slopping water, then my feet felt cold, and I looked down. A wave had come in over the stern of the battery, another and another had followed. I seized the little shovel carried for bailing, but I was too late, the water was already over my shoes up to the top of my box of cartridges, it was trickling in innumerable rills over the edge of the box and the sheet lead, and occasionally it washed in with some larger wave than ordinary in bucketfulls. I shouted for Howell, who was my only possible rescue from an icy bath. He was already in the smaller skiff and poling towards me, but he scarcely seemed to move, the bow of the skiff swung first one way, then another, but hardly approached at all. The water was gaining rapidly, the deeper it got to be the faster it came in. It was pouring over all the sides now, and the battery was half full. I grabbed up my gun in one hand and my box of cartridges in the other, and as Howell ran the nose of the skiff on the sinking platform, I made a flying leap and sprang into it.

Howell pulled back to the yacht and as he did so we saw the battery settle down. Relieved from my weight it had risen somewhat but it was too far gone. It had still five hundred pounds of ballast and iron decoys upon it which pressed it towards the bottom. Lower and lower it sank till at last it lifted its wings as though it were folding its arms across its bosom to rest, and sank out of sight, down and down to the bottom of the bay.

"My sakes," said Fraser, his eyes like soup-plates, this time, with astonishment and dismay. "My sakes, Roosevelt, did you ever see any thing like that before? You just got out in time. What shall we do now?"

"If you will pick up the decoys with Howell, while I put on dry boots, for I only had on low shoes, my feet are cold, we will get ready to haul that battery up again."

"My sakes, can we ever do that?"

By the time I was reclothed most of the decoys were in the larger skiff. I took the smaller one and finding the anchor rope of the battery pulled on it till I had drawn the upper part of the fender over the stern of the skiff. Then I had a tug to hoist the rest of it, as by doing so I lifted the battery with its platform holding the water and the weights upon or in it. I gained inch by inch while Howell kept the stern steady with the stern anchor line. It was hard work, but soon the battery was dimly visible rising from the depths of the sea, it looked through the waves like the ghost of its former self. Then we could see the iron ducks still sitting calmly on its broad surface, as though such occurences were every day events with them. We were careful not to let them slip off and at last Mr. Fraser, by rolling up his sleeves, was able to reach down to one with his bare arm. That secured and we had less trouble, and in ten minutes had them, the weights, the wings and all else aboard and in their places, and we were under way for some more favorable part of the bay.

"My sakes, was not that well done," burst forth Fraser, enthusiastically. "Don't speak about it and no one will ever know that it has happened We were not much longer than we would have been anyhow, and not a boat past near us. I never saw you get out of a battery so quick before."

In these pleasant anticipations, my companion was unfortunately mistaken. There are always hundreds, if not thousands of boats upon the great South Bay, and little can take place there without being seen by some one. Our misfortune was the common talk of the entire country before we had returned from the expedition. We were not daunted by our failure, however, and having run some five or six miles to the eastward found quite a body of ducks which seemed to have acquired a "haunt," as it is called for that particular spot, which means that they have become accustomed to feed there and do not wish to stay away. This circumstance is generally an assurance of good sport, but the birds cannot be relied upon always, and often move away when they are disturbed, never to return.

"Howell," demanded Mr. Fraser, as soon as we were fairly at anchor with our sails furled, "is it too rough to put the battery overboard? Did you ever see a better 'show' of birds than there were here?"

"Well neighbor, there were some birds, but I think, though, most of 'em were shell-ducks. Neighbor has better eyes than I have. What does he make of those birds flying along shore?"

"Old Spikes, sure enough," Fraser answered, after looking a moment through the glass.

"'Lambs,' as Mr. Hibbard used to call them. That is what I was afraid of. They won't come to a battery often, but boss and neighbor can kill as many as they please from the shore. Mr. Hibbard used to love to shoot them. 'Howell,' he would say, 'I can kill 'em every time. I just like to see them come in and drop their red legs over the decoys, and I am sure of them. Well, neighbor, you know they do fly much slower than broadbills."

"Still, Howell," answered my friend, "there were some broadbills among them and I should like to kill a few shell drakes if, cannot get anything else."

Shell drakes, lambs, old spikes, shell-ducks are all one and the same bird, and a sharp billed fishy creature at that, not sought after by the native gunners, as they have little or no market price, but admired by "Yorkers," as they are easy to shoot, as they stool exceedingly well from points, although they rarely come to a battery, and as they count one duck every time the bag is spoken of to friends at home. The proper way to kill them is to make a "bunk," or "blind," on some projection of the shore by building up dry sea-weed in a circle two or three feet high, leaving room in the centre for the sportsman to lie down out of sight. Then a few decoys are anchored in front, and all is ready. There is not half the trouble there is with battery shooting, and the birds are much easier to kill, but what is easy got is little worth, and so with our salt water "lambs."

I had little enthusiasm for my companion's proposition and we managed to while away the afternoon in other ways till supper time. To eat that meal sociably and to see one another to advantage we had to lower the center board, that when entirely up projected some distance above the "trunk," which constituted the middle of our table. While attempting to do this we discovered the yacht was aground.

"My sakes!" said Fraser, utterly broken down by this discovery, "just our luck. Here we are at last where we could kill a hundred birds easy, and now we are aground. Of course not a bird will come near us, and just at this hour to-morrow we ought to have the battery all rigged and be shooting. Oh, Howell, how could you bring her into such shoal water?"

"Well, neighbor, we did get in rather closer than I thought," responded Howell, "but we have had such hard luck that I wanted to follow the land along and see if we could not find a bunch of birds."

"And now we have found them," broke in Fraser again, "we cannot shoot. Oh dear, dear, did any one ever have such luck before? What shall we do, Roosevelt—what shall we do?"

"Why, as we came here when the tide was up," I replied, "we must get off when it's up. Howell and I will smoke a cigar or two after supper and wait for the water to rise, and then we will run her out a little farther."

Fraser had had little sleep the night before and turned in as soon as supper was over, falling promptly into a sound and heavy slumber. Howell and I talked and smoked and grew confidential. I have said he had a gift of conversation not easily limited, and on this occasion it served a good purpose. He sat on one side of the cabin, and as he grew interested his conversation drew him gradually forward till he rested on the very edge of his berth, leaning toward me even to get all the benefit of social exchange of thought. His cigar went out and was relighted and went out again a dozen times at least. Minutes and hours seemed to have lost all weight with him. He told me how Mr. Hibbard enjoyed killing shell ducks and slew them a hundred in a day. In return I gave him an account of my trips duck-shooting to Currytuck Sound on the coast of North Carolina, and described the method of killing them there, which is totally dissimilar to the shooting on the Great South Bay. Then he described how Mr. Hibbard and he went to Wegg Inlet for snipe and the splendid luck they always had. And I retaliated by describing the glorious snipe-shooting once to be had on Squam Beach off New Jersey. Then he told me how Mr. Hibbard used to go with him to the West Bay and fish and shoot there, and I replied by giving him the particulars of the entire place, which I knew thoroughly from Hick's Beach to Jones' Inlet. The time passed, I boasting of what I had done, Howell surpassing me if anything with Mr. Hibbard's feats. He was deeply engrossed; he was scarcely able to remain perched even on the edge of his berth; his cigar had gone out utterly and been laid aside as too trivial for the occasion. He craned forward toward me, his eyes gleaming with interest. At this moment the spirit of Betsey Pug entered me.

"Howell," I said, in my most confidential tone, "Howell," I repeated, and he leaned forward further yet, "Howell," I asked, "was there really ever any such man as Mr. Hibbard?" The effect of my unfair attack was terrific, the enchantment vanished, conversation lost its delights. Howell sank back on his berth, he tried to take a swallow of whisky—for my readers may have guessed we had not trusted solely to our cigars for solace—but it choked him.

"Boss," he said, stammering and struggling,, "boss, you ask me—boss, you—"

Then with an effort he recovered his self-possession.

"Boss, this yacht's afloat, and the sooner we get her out of here the better."

He rushed on deck and I followed. We hoisted part of our main-sail, got up anchor, ran off a few hundred yards and came to again. After we had made all snug we went below and turned in. I had rolled myself up in my blanket, leaving Howell to arrange the fire and put out the light. Just as he was about doing the latter he leaned over the center-board, trunk toward me, and said,

"Boss, boss, you asked me a question just now." Then he added, after a pause, "There is such a man as Mr. Hibbard, but boss, we never did kill any birds in the Spring."

With that he instantly blew out the light and eclipsed himself in darkness. I heard him crawl into his berth as though he had performed the highest duty of a Christian and was at peace with the world, and then I heard and knew no more till daylight next morning.

Once again we had excellent weather for duck shooting and it was my friend's turn to take advantage of it. Mr. Fraser has a beard, a more than ordinary one—a patriarchal sort of appendage—of which in his heart he is not a little proud. It comes down over his breast nearly to his waist, and is thick as it is long. When he appeared this morning ready to enter the battery he had it tied up as jockeys sometimes tie horses' tails to keep them out of the slush of a muddy road. The effect was very queer, and I wondered whether he was afraid of its getting wet by spray in the battery.

"What on earth have you tied your beard in that fashion for?" I asked.

"Why, Roosevelt," he answered, "do you know that my guns kick so since I overloaded my cartridges that it tears my beard out by handfuls. That day when Howell overturned the battery there were tufts of it all over my clothes, and they blew all around me while I was shooting. You can't think how painful it was, so I have tied my beard up to keep it out of the way."

"Why don't you dock it like horses' tails," I asked as a final impertinence as he stepped into the battery. Then we sailed away and left him. We moved here and there looking for birds. Now and then we found a few but they never, when we put them up, went by any chance toward our friend in the box. There is a pleasure in sailing whatever it is, and there is none in lying on one's back in a coffin whether in the earth or in the water, so we had the best of it. Hours passed, and daylight came, and the sun rose and the fleets of working boats put off from shore and dotted with their white wings the surface of the bay. Still our sportsman lay there as silent as though he were dead. Not a shot did he fire till fully ten o'clock, and when at last the faint report of the discharge came to us we were glad of an excuse to hasten to him.

"My sakes," he said, rising from his recumbent attitude as we approached, and looking the long, lank Don Quixote of despair, expressive of misery in every motion and attitude. "My sakes, was there ever such luck? Let's go home. This is no use. Why, I've only had one shot all day and that was at a shell-drake."

"Did you kill him, neighbor?" inquired Howell, who was in that state of mind that any duck was valuable.

"Yes," answered my unhappy friend. "Yes, there he lies, but what good is he? To think that we could be so unfortunate. We may just as well give up."

That was the last of our shooting. We took up our decoys and battery; we carried them home and put them away in the carriage house. We dismantled the yacht of all but her rigging; we gave up all ideas of sport for the present. It was now two months since the eager days when my campanion could not rest till we had the battery built and the yacht afloat. We had had many and amusing adventures, but we had only killed a duck apiece and one of those was a shell-drake. The hundred a day that had been promised us had shrunk woefully; the vaunted superiority of the South Bay ever all other portions of our coast, had proved a hollow mockery; our five hundred cartridges were almost intact, and our battery and decoys, our time and money, were wasted. That was the most expensive pair of birds we ever owned, and we made them a present to Howell, strongly impressing their uncommon value upon him. As we parted, Fraser paused a moment and then said as if the confession were forced from him:

"I believe Charley Green was right after all."

"Charley Green," I replied, "is always right according to your views."

"I don't know about that," he answered, "but he certainly was in what he told me, and I am sorry now I did not believe him."

"What was it that he was so especially right in this time?" I inquired, interested in my friend's anxious and self-reproachful manner."

"Why, he told me," continued Fraser, "before we started that they never went out in the Spring, that they never put their rigs in the water, unless there were some Yorkers coming down to pay them for taking them out because he said there was nothing to shoot."

"Hereafter," I replied, as I shook hands with him, "we will pin our faith on Charley Green when we want to go "Battery Shooting in the Great South Bay."

New York, June, 1879.

Athletics.

RUNNING MATCH AT SERENA.—Serena, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We have a foot race to come off at Ottawa, Monday, June 16, for $100 a side, between Brady, of Ottawa, and Barber, of Serena. Both are rapid runners, and a large amount of money will change hands. R. H. P.

Prof. Joy says that no man can walk square heel and toe at a better pace than 7½ miles an hour; and that square heel and toe walking cannot be done with straight legs.

In a 24 hour walking match at St. Johns, N. B., between Wm. Foster and John Leggett, John didn't leg it fast enough, and was beaten by one yard; score 97 miles 90 laps.

Weston is not entered for the Astley go-as-you-please championship belt. The entries are Blower Brown, Ennis and a dark man from the London suburbs, named Harding.

In a six hours running race at Manchester, N. H., June 7, Tim Shea won first money, doing 38½ miles, John Carter a mile and a half behind.

It is said that John Ennis has got the regular jog-trot, and will do no more last miles in 6:55.

Amusements.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE.—Pinafore of some sort must be served up, and the tax on managers is to invent or discover some fresh composition for their company. The Church Choir Pinafore company is now at Haverly's and doing well.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Won at Last was produced at this house with great success, and is a drama that is agreeable and attractive, and one of the best that have appeared for a long time. The company has rendered it with uniform success.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.—The presentation of Le petit duc, Lecoq's comic opera. It is a very pleasant piece with some numbers of quite marked excellence, and on the whole has been presented to the public with considerable energy and vivacity.

PREJUDICE KILLS.—"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best (and some of the worst) physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at for two years, before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents. —(Advt.)

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

The Flamingo.

Have you ever heard
Of the creature absurd,
  The ridiculous bird, the flamingo?
With neck long and slim,
And legs lean and trim,
  And the funniest sort of a lingo.

When a fishing he goes,
He thrusts in his nose—
  This humorous bird, the flamingo:
Without bait or hook,
His long neck a-crook,
  Aloft in the air see his wings go.

A plunge and a dive!
And a fish all alive,
  This wonderful bird, the flamingo,
Brings out to the land,
And gobbles off-hand,
  In a twinkle he makes the whole thing go.

Then his mate, the old woman,
As though she were human,
  And not an old growling flamingo,
For lack of her share,
Sets up a great flare,
  And makes everything in a din go.

But a screech loud and shrill,
Comes out of the bill
  Of the masculine bird, the flamingo:
His eyelids both close,
And he stands on the toes
  Of one leg—he's asleep, by jingo!

Those Salmon caught by Hon. Bardwell Slote.

Just before the departure of Mr. William J. Florence, the actor, for Labrador, we called on him again in reference to the number of salmon killed in one day by him on a former trip. He was busily arranging his "plunder" in the 5th Avenue Hotel, New York, when we entered, and this conversation ensued:

"Good morning Mr. Florence, we called to say that in taking notes from your fishing, we either misunderstood or made a slip of the pencil; as you are made to say that you took forty salmon per day for a week, and allowing ten hours work for each day that would be only twenty-five minutes to play each fish in, with no intermission for refreshments, as they averaged thirty pounds each and—"

"Why, my dear boy, you are the 'lightning calculator' himself," said he of the "Mighty Dollar," "I see that you know nothing of the modern salmon fishing, although I regard the CHICAGO FIELD as the best fishing authority on all other branches of the art, and its fishing editor' as—" (Our modesty forbids.)

"But how about the figures? There they stand; one salmon every twenty-five minutes, and no change of cars."

"My dear sir, that would be the case in fishing in the old style and with only one rod, but now, we who like active vigorous fishing, fish only one hour in the morning, and one in the evening, and cast with four rods at once."

We held our breath! Verily here was a new revelation! At last we ventured to say, very quietly, "Four rods at once, Mr. Florence?"

"Oh, yes! I have one lashed to each wrist, and one to each ankle. I then stand on a spring-board and cast with both hands; this hooks a salmon on each of these two rods when I turn a back summersault which lands them and casts the two lines on my ankles which hook and land their fish, and so on for an hour, after which the system needs rest and I take it. Forty salmon a day! You erred on the other side, make it four hundred; that's a beautiful fly, ain't it? That fly will actually lift itself off the water if a fish under twenty pounds weight attempts to take it. If you don't believe it, ask Sothern when he comes."

"But, Mr. Florence, we want to learn more of this new style of taking fish, it seems so extraordinary, four rods at once!"

"Not at all difficult, my boy, the only thing is to have active help enough to get them off the hooks in time for the next flop. Why when I get my guides up to this I intend trying with two more rods stuck in my pantaloon pockets, and perhaps another in my teeth; in this way I will beat Sothern, who has all he can do to manage *four* rods, his back not being equal to the strain of fifty consecutive flip-flops, with four thirty-four pound salmon pulling against him. Ah! it is glorious sport sir, so developing to the appetite and muscle."

On reflection, we inclined to this opinion, and said: "Most certainly, developing, 'by a large majority.'"

The Hon. Bardwell Slote gave a reproving glance and said, "We never 'gag,' except behind the footlights," and after a moments consideration asked: 'You won't publish my new mode of taking salmon in the CHICAGO FIELD until I have time to patent it, will you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said we, firmly, "we give our readers the very best view in *front* of the footlights. Good morning," and we stepped to the office and ordered a street car for Fulton Market. Justice to our readers demands that we should not regard the request of Mr. Florence. A man has no right to bottle up information that will benefit his fellows. Take a double back-action flip-flop spring-board with you on your next salmon trip, but first rub your back-bone with goose grease until you can do the flip-flops. It is now easy to see how he kills forty salmon, or four hundred a day.

When is a Trout Hatched?

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of May 31st I saw a letter written by Mr. Wm. Welch, of Madison, headed, "Salt and Earth for Trout Fry," in which he speaks very highly of Superintendent Welsher as being second to no man as a fish breeder in the country, etc., but claims that the salt and earth was used from forty-five to sixty-five days too soon, and claiming that brook trout are not hatched until they are rid of the sac and have risen in the water, etc. As I have had some experience in breeding trout I must confess that such remarks seem very strange to me, and I wish to ask you if such is a fact, as I had always supposed my trout were hatched when they had burst the shell and were at liberty so far as that is concerned, with a food sac attached that they would be encumbered with for forty-five to fifty days. Am I correct? Please answer. KING FISHER.

[We wish to say a word in regard to the unfortunate occurrences in Wisconsin. Our interest in fishculture is the interest of fishculturists, and as we do not obtrude our own private troubles upon the public, because of their lack of general interest, so we have hesitated to print those of others. The loss of those fry at Madison was bad enough and we would have published it for the benefit of fishculturists at large as soon as we heard of it, but for the bad feeling manifested between individuals concerned, which placed it in such shape that we could not well do it without appearing to take sides in a question without a thorough personal knowledge of the whole affair. Hence, after it was settled we alluded to it for the first time, and to this President Welch replied to what he thought did him injustice in our remarks, and we, as a matter of course, permitted him to explain it, but do not care to publish all the bitter articles from the local paper. While we are furiously hungry for fishcultural news and all items of interest, we do not care to give space to personalities of an unpleasant kind. Our correspondent now raises the question as to when a trout is hatched, and we will answer it, purely in the interest of fishculture. Exclusion from the egg is hatching; immediately after this the young fish are embryos, as a tadpole is *hatched* but is an embryo frog, not a complete frog until certain transformations have taken place; and neither has an embryo fish a right to be considered a *fish proper* until its changes have been accomplished. This is not alone the absorption of the sac, but changes in the form of the mouth, fins, etc. The French word *alevin*, meaning small fish, has been proposed for the embryo fish, but has not been adopted, and ordinarily the trout breeder speaks of them as "fry with the sac on," which is not strictly correct, as *fry* are also small fish, a condition not fairly arrived at by our embryos. To recapitulate: Eggs are *hatched* when the shell is broken and the embryo emerges; the young are then *embryos* until the changes have all taken place, and it differs from the adult only in size; and are fry (see Webster) until a year old. We have just been looking up the matter in Mr. Stone's book but he seems to use the word *fry* in such a manner as to leave a doubt as to whether he really means fry or embryos. We have no good, handy word for the latter.—ED.]

Stocking Waters with Various Kinds of Fish.

[Read before the Fishcultural Association.]

BY SETH GREEN.

The key to the successful stocking of our waters with fish is in putting the right kind in their respective waters—those that are suitable for them. There would be quite as much sense in sowing wheat on the bare shingles on the top of your house as to put fish in waters not suitable for them. You would be astonished to read some of my correspondence, and to see how little many men know about the waters that are suitable for the different kinds of fish. This is the reason that all parties writing me are requested to give a full description of the waters they wish to stock, and if they give me a correct description, we hardly ever make a mistake. I frequently have men who insist on trying certain kinds of fish in their waters that I know would not live, and I have made some enemies by not giving them the fish. But I would rather have their displeasure than to put them to an expense and be no benefit to them, besides killing just so many fish.

I am like most of men that have been successful in raising anything. We look on it with a good deal of pride, and love the little fish that we have watched from the time the egg was impregnated to the time they are to be put in the water to take care of themselves. It would be a very wrong thing to put them in waters where they were sure to die. Brook-trout are only suitable for clear, cold waters of which the temperature never goes above seventy degrees. They will die before the temperature reaches seventy-four degrees. Salmon-trout will live only in clear, cold, deep lakes. They need the purest water of any fish in this country. I have put brook-trout, salmon-trout, grayling, California and Kennebec salmon and California brook-trout in a large aquarium, and as the water became warm the salmon-trout began to suffer first.

There were two each of the above kinds of fish in the aquarium. They all died before the mercury went up to seventy-four degrees. The salmon-trout died first, brook-trout next, grayling next, California brook-trout next, Kennebec salmon next, and California salmon last. The salmon-trout died twelve hours before any of the rest, and all of the others died within four hours of each other. The above fish were all three years old, and I have tried all of the above kinds of fish by rolling the water with the following result: The salmon-trout dying first and the brook-trout next, and the others soon after.

All of the fall spawning-fish want clear, cold water. The whitefish will not live in water above 72 deg. I have seen a haul of whitefish come in on a seine, and when they got in shallow water where the temperature was 74 deg., ten rods from shore, the fish began to turn up, and all were dead by the time they were hauled up on shore. When water gets to a suffocating state the fish will not live as long in such water as they would live out of the water. The Spring and Summer spawning-fish, such as the bass, will live in water as high as 86 deg., or even warmer. Black, or lake bass, need purer water than many other kinds; they will not do well in small waters. They want large, rocky rivers, or lakes with rocky bottom, where there are craw-fish and dobson. It is useless putting them in waters that have no rock bottom. They will not do well in any waters that have all mud bottom. Lake George is a beautiful lake for black bass, and they have been in the lake for a number of years, but they do not seem to do well. Last summer I went down there and made a thorough examination, and I found there were no craw-fish in the lake. So I had 18,000 put in, which will soon stock the lake, and I have no doubt make Lake George one of the best bass lakes in the state. Craw-fish are great breeders. They carry their spawn under their tail until hatched, and after these are hatched they carry their young until they can take care of themselves. I think it is safe to say every mature female craw-fish raises 500 young every year.

The black bass in an excellent fish to stock waters that are suitable for them, for the reason that they make a nest and lay their eggs and watch over them until they are hatched; then they take care of their young until they have learned to feed and provide for themselves. The young are hatched without any, or scarcely any sack, and need a mother to teach them to feed. Black bass can be hatched artificially as surely as any other fish, but the mother hatches as large a percentage as could be hatched artificially, and it would be difficult to feed the young after they were hatched. The black bass is a hardy fish. They stand transportation well. I sent last spring 113 to California by myson and Mr. Mason. They arrived there with ninety-nine in good order. They were mature bass, and I have no doubt they will be heard from. Water suitable for Oswego bass should have a mud bottom, with weeds and flags and pond lilies. They do well in millponds or in any still water. They eat any living thing that is of the right size for them to swallow. They breed the same as the black bass. They are a very difficult fish to transport in cans. It needs the best of care to get a shipment through without losing a good many.

Striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*) are easy fish to transport in cans. Last Summer I transported 140 from the Hudson to the Genesee river. They were six inches long. I do not know what the result will be. I have not heard from them since they were put in. It is too early yet. White, or silver bass, are a good fish, but do not do well except in a particular water. They would live in any waters that black bass would. It is the next thing to an impossibility to transport white or silver bass in cans. We have lost a larger percentage in transportation than any other kinds of fish. Rock bass and yellow perch and bull-heads are good fish to put in some waters. All large waters with soft bottoms are suitable for bull-heads. They are great breeders. They make a hole in the muck or bank large enough to admit themselves, and then dig out a room two feet in diameter and lay their eggs and watch over them until they are hatched, and take care of their young for three weeks. Six years ago I put 600 bull-heads in Chatauqua Lake, and for the last two years any parties wishing a quantity of these fish can go and take a pailful in a short time. This is but one of many successful attempts with these fish.

Four years ago, Mr. Newell, a gentleman living in California, sent me 500 California brook-trout spawn. I hatched and raised them, and have now 264; some of them weigh two and one-half pounds. Last March we took 60,000 spawn from them. We distributed all but 20,000, which we are raising. They are a great deal easier raised than our brook-trout, and I would like to see large shipments of the spawn made to the Atlantic States. I think they will do well in many of our waters. I am quite certain that we have many waters that the Meland river-trout would do well in, and would like to see larger shipment of the spawn made here.

Grayling seem to lose their breeding faculties as soon as they are removed from their native streams in Michigan. Seven years ago I went to the Ausable river and took some grown fish. I brought eighty-four to the New York State Fish Breeding-house. I arranged good places for them to spawn, but they never have shown any signs of going on the beds, and never have spawned since we have had them. I do not think that grayling would be a profitable fish to put in our waters. I hatched the spawn that I took at the river and raised the young, and they never have shown any signs of breeding.

Salmon are a good fish to stock any waters that are suitable for them. They want rivers with no obstructions from the sea to the head, and that head must be clear, cold water. We have not salmon streams enough in this state to pay the expenses. We have distributed a good many salmon, and never have heard of any of them after they were one year old, except one that floated ashore in Cayuga lake, weighing three pounds. We have some California salmon at our state works that are four years old; the females weigh one and one-half pounds, and the males three-quarters of a pound. They stopped growing when they were three years old. Of the Kennebec salmon, the females of the same age weigh two and one-half pounds, and the males one and one-half pounds.

There are various opinions as to the time spawn can be taken and left in a pan before the milt is put on them. I think I have heard parties say that they had put the milt on the eggs an hour or more after the spawn was taken, and impregnated a fair percentage. I have experimented, but it was so long ago that I had forgotten, and I could not find any minutes. This Winter I had my brother make the experiment. He took fifty brook-trout spawn in a pan, and in five minutes, exact time, he put the milt on them. Then he tried fifty more, and left them ten minutes; fifty more, and left them fifteen minutes; fifty more, and left twenty minutes; fifty more, and left twenty-five minutes, and so on up to forty-five minutes. After thirty days we could tell what portion of the spawn was impregnated. We found of the first fifty only two impregnated, and not one impregnated after five minutes.

My opinion is that when the spawn is taken from the fish, the sooner the milt is put on the better is the impregnation, and the more carefully they are handled the better. I have seen parties handle fish-spawn as though they were peas, and claim that they hatched a fair percentage. My experience has been such that I cannot believe it, and I think it wrong to have such publications go before the community as facts.

Blue Fishing at Barnegat.

ASHLEY HOUSE, BARNEGAT, N. J.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—When the news reached New York that big schools of blue fish had struck in at Barnegat Inlet the blood of the blue fisher was stirred that is, the blue-blooded blue fisher was stirred to move down and partake of the sport, and the excitement is still at fever heat as the returning parties report their success and thereby stimulate others to try their fortunes. The scene presented, while I write, today in Barnegat Inlet is simply grand! At one time while your correspondent was reclining under a cedar tree watching the movements of the fleet he counted sixty-four yachts within the space of half a mile, their white sails bellied out with a stiff southerly breeze, and the water breaking astern from a dozen yachts at a time as the excited fishermen hauled in the blue fish, while the weird scream of the gulls mingled with the shouts of the happy crews of the large fleet, gave a relish to the looker-on and added to the charm of the picture.

The blue fish are not very large, so far in the season, averaging from two to six pounds, but the quantity more than makes up for the size, as from twenty to a hundred and nine to each yacht have been the catches, those figures representing the two extremes for one day.

Only a few non-residents are here, as yet; to-day I noticed Mr. Allen Middleton, of Philadelphia, with a party of friends whose catch at noon was 34; J. B. Young and company, of the same city, 25; Wardell and company, of Trenton, N. J., 27; and Edward Jennison and company, New Egypt, N. J., 75. At a fair estimate not less than 3,200 blue fish have been caught to-day, which, averaging them at three pounds, would amount to the very respectable figure of 9,600 pounds. Mr. M. E. Parker, of Orange, N. J., with a party of friends stopping at Johnson's Centennial, at Waretown, just landed with a catch of sixty-four against seventy caught yesterday. A party consisting of Mr. Minott Mitchell, of New York, J. McGregor, Salt Lake City, and C. E. Hosford, of Terre Haute, Ind., took fifty-one and forty-seven on two successive days. K.

SALMO SALAR AND THE SCHOODIC SALMON.—We find the following letter in *Nature*, and as all that comes from the pen of Mr. Atkins is of interest, we take the liberty of reproducing it: "Under date of March 13, in the course of remarks on a late report of the U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, you express a wish for an explanation of the fact that a sea-going salmon (*Salmo salar*) was found among the Schoodic "land-locked" salmon. I take pleasure in supplying the explanation. The fish referred to were taken in Grand Lake Stream, which connects two of the Schoodic lakes, tributary to the St. Croix River, which discharges into an arm of the sea on the border between the United States and Canada. Before the obstruction of the St. Croix by mill-dams, there was nothing to prevent the ascent of the sea-going salmon to this stream, and it is among the traditions of the aborigines that they were formerly often taken here along with the small "land-locked" or fresh-water salmon. The sea-salmon they call Pl-lahm; the land-locked, Tag-e-wah-nahn; and though for many years the sea-salmon were almost wholly prevented from ascending the river by the mill-dams, they have not been entirely exterminated, and the upper waters have been rendered in a degree accessible to the remnant by means of fish-ways constructed within a few years.

The specimen taken was, at the close of the season, set free with the other captured fish, and doubtless returned to sea.

I will add that the latest studies of American ichthyologists on the subject have led to the conclusion that the Schoodic and

other "land-locked" salmon are specifically identical with *Salmo salar* (*vide* Jordan, "Manual of the Vertebrates of the Northern United States," 1878, p. 357). CHAS. G. ATKINS,
Asst. to the U. S. Commissioner, Fish and Fisheries. Grand Lake Stream, Maine.

WHOLESALE FISH POISONING.—Boston, Mass.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The burning of the Merrimac chemical works, situated in North Woburn, set loose about five hundred tons of sulphuric acid, which in addition to a large quantity of sulphur which was melted by the flames and flowed into the brook near by, called Abijonah creek, which flows into Richardson's pond in North Woburn. The mill-race at Richardson's factory was completely choked with poisoned fish, many of which looked as if pieces were bitten out of them, no doubt from the action of the acid. All work in the factory had to be suspended until the fish were removed. The poison has even extended to the Mystic river, and the Mystic Water Board, which supplies Charlestown and East Boston with water, receives some of its supplies from this pond and its tributaries, and the greatest anxiety prevails lest the poisonous matter may have got into the water pipes.

As most of the fish killed are bottom fish, as suckers, eels and shiners, it would seem to indicate that the acid, being more dense than water, sank to the bottom. There are many pickerel (pike) and perch in the river and but few of them were killed. It will, however, destroy all the crustaceous and insect life upon which many fish feed, and also burn up the vegetation. The chemical company have always poured refuse acid in the brook, and Mr. Richardson says that when this was done there was always a smell of vitriol down as far as his pond and factory as there now is.

A. R. W.

A LARGE PENOBSCOT SALMON.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Portland, Maine.—The perusal of a recent number of the CHICAGO FIELD brought to mind an item that may be of sufficient interest to be served with "Small Fry" in the very excellent fish department of your paper, and I hereby make a public record of a salmon (S. salar) of *forty inches* length that I took from the Penobscot river last Summer (1878), and from subsequent inquiries I am led to believe that this salmon is the largest one on record from that river.

I communicated the circumstance at the time to Chas. G. Atkins, Esq., the well known fish culturist of Bucksport, Maine, as also to Hon. E. M. Stilwell, Commissioner of Fisheries, of Bangor, Maine.

Mr. Atkins informed me that he had never known of a salmon of that size taken from Maine waters. All those taken for the hatchery at Bucksport have always been of small size. On account of inconvenience this forty-inch salmon was not weighed.

I made various measurements with a tape-line, but afterwards unfortunately lost my notes thereof. The length was measured with the handle of a paddle and noted by a notch that I was able to refer to afterwards to verify my memory.

EVERETT SMITH.

GRAND SUCCESS OF SHAD AND SALMON CULTURE.—By permission of Professor Baird we publish the following extracts from letters on this subject from Mr. Redding, one of the Commissioners of Fisheries of California. Our readers will remember that shad are not indigenous to the Pacific coast, but have been planted there at different times, and always from fry less than ten days old.

LAND DEPARTMENT OF THE C. P. R. R. CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., May 24, 1879.

SPENCER F. BAIRD, U. S. Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C.—Dear Sir: From 50 to 120 shad are now being brought to the market every day. They are becoming so numerous that they are regularly reported in the market reports—the market price for the past week being 75c. per pound.

Salmon were never more plenty in the Sacramento river than now. It is not infrequent that as many as two hundred are taken in one haul of a single seine. Salmon weighing from 20 to 35 pounds are now selling in this market for 25c. apiece. The annual hatching of 2,000,000 and turning them into the river is producing a legitimate result. We are beating the sea lions, the canning establishments and the fishermen. B. B. REDDING.

THE DYING PASSAIC FISH.—Fish Warden Roe, of Passaic county, N. J., accounts for the prevailing epidemic in the Passaic river and its tributaries thus: Certain poisonous vegetable matter has grown with unusual luxuriance during the late heated spell, causing the water to "purge" or putrify, which takes eight or ten days; this has occurred at an unusual season, just after the fish have been spawning, and when they have not strength to withstand the injurious influence of the water. A fungus appears on the surface of the fish, near the tail, causing the scales to decay and become loose. In eight or ten days the poison seems to reach the brain, and the fish die. Suckers are first attacked, then catfish, roach, chub, sunfish, perch, and pickerel. Persons eating these fish are attacked with cramps and purging. He does not think the sewage has anything to do with the disease. The epidemic is about over in the Passaic river, but is now extending to the tributary streams and lakes.

DETROIT NOTES.—Detroit, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The State Fish Commission have received a telegraph from Fish Commissioner Kellogg and Superintendent Chase that they have shipped 80,000 young eels for distribution in the waters of Michigan. They hope to make up the whole amount they set their figures at, *i. e.*, 500,000 to 1,000,000. The legislature have cut the appropriation down to five thousand a year. They asked for seven thousand five hundred a year. It is a great mistake, I think, on the part of the legislature, as Michigan has done more work in proportion to the money appropriated than any other state in the Union. This reduction will cripple the commission very much indeed. The governor has returned the game shipment bill; you will see we get hit on all sides but the right side. Well, we will have to submit to it for two years longer.

WAKAGOO.

THE LEAP OF YOUNG SALMON.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—As some of our fish have been doing what I call some extraordinary jumping, I will give you an account of it:

Our nurseries which contain our California salmon are fifteen inches deep, with only six inches of water in them, which of course leaves the sides nine inches higher than the water, and for the past few days they have been jumping out in such quantities that we have been obliged to put extra strips on the sides of the nurseries, in order to keep the fish in.

As these fish are only six months old, I call this big jumping.

E. R. SHAW.

WASHINGTON NOTES.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Bass fishing is still good at Harper's Ferry and below. I had the pleasure of taking out a fine lot a week or more ago, and one party at Berlin waded the river and fished with a fly, and his sport was beautiful. This is only the second time I have heard of bass in the Potomac taking the fly. In the middle of this month the rock fish commence to bite, and the sport is always good.

JACK SNIPE.

A FRECKLE.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I see you asked a few weeks since if any one knew what kind of a fish a "freckle" is. An old Virginian tells me the freckled perch is what is intended.

E. S.

Small Fry.

—Fish stories generally crop out as plentiful as the wild flowers with springtime. The very freshest comes from the banks of the winding Schoharie. A gentleman living near the village of that name appeared in the streets the other day with two bushels of large, plump bullheads. He related that on his farm there is a stretch of rich muck land which becomes flooded whenever it rains hard. This patch of ground is full of worms, and whenever it is inundated these issue into the water in vast quantities. The gentleman also relates that the bullheads in the river seem to have discovered this fact, and as soon as the water is high enough they repair in countless numbers to the muck, gorge themselves with a feast on the worms, and then retire to the stream before the water soaks away. The fisherman relates that he visited the spot the other morning and in five minutes secured two bushels of the fish before they could retreat to the river. The number that escaped he avers would fill ten bushel baskets. And his neighbor vouches for this man's veracity, while we will vouch for the fact that this story came from the Syracuse, N. Y., *Courier*.

—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, Dr. Francis Dercum gave some interesting information regarding the system of canals in the outer skin of fishes. These canals are filled with a clear gelatinous substance, and they were once thought to be for the purpose of secreting mucus; but Leydig and others found that they were neither excretory nor secretory, and that their function appeared to be that of enabling the fish to perceive mass motions of the water, more particularly those vibrations which could not be detected by the ear. The so-called nerve-buttons of the canals are provided with a nerve fibre and an artery. Dr. Dercum has endeavored to trace a relation between this sensory system of canals in fishes and the semicircular canals in the ears of the higher animals.

—We are continually receiving private letters from the different parts of Europe where the California salmon have been planted, asking for information concerning certain apochryphal diseases that some industrious liar has invested them with. We have not only assured the writers that these diseases are fables, but by this time they have received copies of the CHICAGO FIELD with the letters furnished us by Professor Baird establishing the fact that the rumors *are* fables. Our paper is read by all the principal fish-culturists in Europe as well as America, and is extensively quoted on the other side of the water, hence we hope that our foreign readers will note this.

—The popularity of the fishing grounds of northern Michigan is well attested by the fact that the tourists' guide of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad, noticed in our issue of May 31st as a complete angler's guide, has been in such great demand that Mr. A. B. Leet, Genl. Passenger Agt. at Grand Rapids, informs us that twenty thousand copies have already been called for.

—Our correspondent, T. S. M., of Newark, calls the attention of New Jersey anglers to the fact that fishing for black bass is not allowed by law in that state until July 1st, by a note in the local papers. From this we judge that violations of the law are common in some of the lakes.

—A writer in the *Fischerei Zeitung* says "You have asked what 'St. Jacob's salmon' are? They are not full grown, being only a half meter (19.68 inches) in length, the favorite size of St. Jacob(!) and are very delicate eating, costing about two dollars each."

—Reports from Rondout, N. Y., say that twenty thousand trout were recently poisoned in the ponds at Stamford. The fish were kept in four ponds and were from a year to four years old, but no other particulars are given.

—There is no good reason why the watering places should not develop the usual good crop of sea-serpents this Summer, as it will still attract visitors and gain free advertising.

—The first cargo of lobsters for the London market cleared from Halifax, N. S., on June 3d, in the brigantine Genoa. The cargo consisted of 8,446 cases, valued at $46,000.

—We would much like to let the world know just what is being done in fishculture and fishing in your locality if you will only give us the points to work on.

—The U. S. salmon-breeding ranch on the McCloud river has now a postoffice. Its address is Baird, Shasta Co., Cal.

TROUT AND FLY RODS.—Next to catching a trout is what you catch him with. In the waters of the Rhone, it is said, it takes two to make a party, one is furnished with a sledge hammer and the other with a crow bar. With this "delicate tackle" they invade the boulders. A blow of the sledge hammer stuns the concealed trout, a quick motion of the crow bar turns over the boulder, and the bewildered victim floats to the surface.

Here-a-ways, in the State of NewYork, this "rig" has been improved, until Doctor A. H. Fowler, of Ithaca, makes a split bamboo fly-rod, weighing from six to seven ounces, "the very perfection of the art." They are hexagonal. This form was first adopted by Doctor F. and seems to be the *ne plus ultra*. They are finished with the enamel all preserved, and on the outside.

No material yet discovered equals the bamboo in strength, lightness, elasticity, and perfect action, when properly put together.

These rods are used by many of the most scientific fly-casters all "across the continent." It is some evidence of the Doctor's ability to make a fly-rod, that on all occasions at the N. Y. State contests the Fowler rods, of whatever material, have won first prizes. A limited number will be made this season, and *only on private orders*. They will be made mostly by the Doctor's own hands, and every rod will be guaranteed, with fair play, and in the hands of a master, to hold any trout that swims, provided he don't feed himself with his tail.

A. H. FOWLER, Ithaca, N. Y.

Dr. Fowler's One-Ounce Rubber Trout Reel, The Gem. Liberal discount to the trade. For circulars, address as above.—(Advt.)

A CARD.—Dr. Fowler can furnish a limited number of his superior Hexagonal fly rods to private orders. Also his *one ounce* Rubber Reels. Send for circular. FOWLER & TISDEL.
(Advt.)—11-18-6t. Ithaca, N. Y.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10, Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

FOREIGN DOG SHOWS.

Alexandra Palace dog show, July 2 to 7. G. Lowe, Sec'y.
Birmingham (England) Aug. 12 to 15. Sec. Mr. J. B. Lythall.

Notes on the Winners at the Field Trials of 1879.

BY G. THORPE BARTRAM.

There is often much concerning the dogs that compete at these trials that a hurried report cannot fairly embrace or do full justice to. And to the breeders and sportsmen they are frequently very important particulars; indeed, quite essential to the knowledge they desire to possess of the animals they are interested in by desiring to breed from them, or as evidence of what certain strains of blood as combined by other breeders produce. The awards of the judges furnish no clue to many qualities, both negative and positive, possessed by the animals on which they have passed judgment. Many a winner is possessed of faults that no thoughtful breeder would like to venture to reproduce, whereas one in a minor position in the prize list, or perhaps not figuring in it at all, possesses the identical qualities that many a breeder has been looking for in a stud dog.

It is my desire to supply this information, as far as I am able, that induces me to supplement my report with these remarks. Should they not contain all the special information that my readers may require I shall be pleased, as far as I can, to make up the deficiency. Of course, these are only my opinions, and as such they must be regarded; but, I may add, I have been accustomed to the working of pointers and setters from my childhood, and seen nearly every dog of note compete in public during the past eight years, and that I am not interested in one dog more than another.

I will begin with Darkie, he being the most successful at the Spring Trials of 1879, having won the double event—the Aged Stake and the Club Cup and Stake. I shall not be saying too much of him when I state he ran a really good setter. When he competed in the Derby of 1878 I said he was the best setter puppy of his year—that is, for natural qualities, only he was not old enough to run out his trials, and before he went far in the stake he fell all to pieces. Age has now developed all the rare qualities he then gave evidence of. He has not now such an airy gallop as he then displayed, seeming somewhat chest-foundered, but this may be only temporary. He goes a fairish pace, carries his head high, quite on a level with his back, and when he begins hunting much higher than this. When on point his position is very fine, and he is equally good when backing. He appears very cautious in getting up to game, but when he comes on point he has great confidence in his nose, standing as stiff as a rail. He is as staunch as a rock, both before and behind, and quarters his ground very fairly, is independent in his ranging, and displays no jealousy—still, keeps a sharp look-out on the dog he is working with, as seen by his backing the moment his opponent gets on point. He is obedient to his worker, and appears well broken to work to hand. He keeps on hunting, and never potters about on ground scent, and is just such a dog as anyone going out to kill game would have a pleasure in using; and it is a pity this cannot be said of all field trial dogs. But rushing about all over a field, and getting points just any how or where, has been too much rewarded; but we are now coming to a healthier state of affairs in this particular. Darkie is not much to look at—has an old appearance for his age. He is a lathy dog, that would indicate requiring great attention to keep together. Rhyl is his sire and Dolly his dam. I should say he takes much of his style from his dam. He is not so fast as his grandsire Ranger, and does not work anything like him in style, so I should think he inherits much of his excellence through his dam, as Major Platt's Di is also out of Dolly, and she is a very beautiful worker, and stands on point very nearly to the position of Darkie; and thus it would appear to me that to Dolly we must attribute a large share of Darkie's good qualities as a field trial setter. I do not think I know a setter that carries his head up higher than does this dog; even when he becomes worn down to a steady pace he holds up his head, and this no doubt assists him very much in making out his game. If intended to run in the future at field trials, his owner will do wisely not to kill too much game to him. He will, if taken care of, be a worthy representative, even in a big stake. In the All-aged Stake he met "foemen worthy of his steel," and I feel quite sure all were glad to see such a good dog work his way to the front. Meanness of appearance and want of more pace are his negative points.

Count Wind'em, the winner of the first prize in the Setter Stake at Chester, comes next in order. He is a fine slashing dog, with lots of bone and substance; he has plenty of length, is well let down at chest, has a nice straight coat, and a beautiful head; his ears are well set and are carried nicely back on neck, which adds so much to the quality he exhibits in his head; he has a long graceful neck, finely set on at shoulders, good wide hips and muscular thighs, and this, with a rich colored eye and a profusion of feather, make up in appearance an A 1 setter. I know some strangely ugly animals have shown us what they can do at their work in the field, but still I maintain it should be the object of breeders to combine the beautiful with the useful, as is the case in Count Wind'em in a marked degree. The way this dog ran through the stake at Chester establishes his claim to be a good dog in the field. He evidently was not in form at Debden, but the field had been so disturbed in which he had his final trial that the defects then exhibited (false pointing) must not have too much importance attached to them. He has a long sweeping stride, carries his head well to wind, but, I think, a little too low; when at work he carries it much in the same way as the pointer Garnet. He displays a rare range of nose, quarters his ground thoroughly well, and is well broken; he exhibits a nice kindly temper, so valuable in any sporting dog. His position on point is pretty but peculiar—he crouches down, and then raises his head and tail well up. He roads out his game in a most painstaking way, but the many French birds at Debden seem to somewhat puzzle him to make them out. It has of late been a rare thing to see a setter take first prize on show bench and at field trials, but this has occurred before in Ginx's Baby, but then he was, in my opinion, never a patch on Count Wind'em. This dog is from first-rate blood, being by Count Dick—Phantom; he illustrates to advantage the size and substance that can be produced by an out cross with the Laverack, and still succeed in another generation in obtaining the quality inherent in them.

Ranger, the winner of the second setter prize at Chester, although eight years old, goes a great pace, and he has had honors enough conferred on him long ago to have allowed him to go to his final resting place a renowned dog, and it would be unfair at his age to treat him as if now in his prime, so I will but repeat what said of him three years ago—it is equally true of him now as then: "He quarters his ground in a reckless fashion (the result of his early training), and this senseless way of beating ground will, if a fair trial is allowed, always militate against him; he has great pace and has a good nose, and of his good backing there can be no question, but that he is not able to make out when he points whether game is before him or not few will gainsay. Whenever he winds scent he drops like a stone, and when down remains there until ordered on, whether game is there or not; he lacks the capacity to discover his error, and this is what takes so much from the performances of Ranger."

Rover, the winner of the first prize in the setter Puppy Stake at Chester, is a strong built lemon and white dog. He goes in very fair form, only carries his tail low, and he has a teapot stern. He is very nicely broken, and a dog of fair appearance, but does not exhibit very much quality. He no doubt won his laurels fair enough, and the secret of his success was the excellent way Mr. T. Armstrong had put him through his drill. When down with Fan he showed how well he could do his work as one of a brace when he knew the dog he was down with. He is a dog of good blood, and will be an excellent dog to shoot to, but will not, I think, ever take a leading position at field trials. Mr. J. Bibby,

the owner of Rover and Fan, may congratulate himself on possessing a brace of thorough good working setter puppies, and, from what I heard, they are well worth the money he gave for them; and as a new competitor at field trials I hope his success may stir him up to fresh efforts in the same direction, and that they may be crowned with equally good results.

To finish up the winning setters I must now mention Countess Rose, she having won the cup as the best setter puppy in the Derby Stake. Her color is lemon and white, is ticked all over body; she is a fine strapping grown puppy, has a beautiful long clean cut head, with plenty of length of body, good straight limbs, and is full of bone. She is now shedding her puppy coat, and the new one is coming as fine as silk; she has a nice stern with the semblance of a "kink" in it, and she carries it very gaily. She has a good deep chest and is well ribbed up, and if she is lucky she will, I think, figure in many a show bench prize list; she goes in pretty form, carrying her head well up, exhibits a capital nose; indeed, she found eight brace of birds in three trials without flushing a bird. She stands on point in a very pretty style, and is as staunch on point as any old stager. She has plenty of pluck to make her keep on hunting, and she never potters about; still, she seems very obedient, and is for natural qualities the best setter puppy that I have seen this year, and I consider they came out in strong force. I should say, if Mr. Llewellin considers the best interests of his kennel, he will not part with Countess Rose. I am not alone in my high opinion of this setter's merits, as that excellent judge, Mr. E. Armstrong, said to me that he considered her the cleverest puppy at finding game he ever saw at her age, she being only just ten months. The way she spotted out her birds was a pretty sight, and she went up to her point with all the assurance of a second season dog, but of course it could not be expected at her age that she was thoroughly broken; it is my opinion she could have run through the stake with the greatest ease, but her breaker was rewarded for his courage in running such a youngster by winning the cup. This is twice in five years that dogs from this kennel have taken the highest setter prize in the Field Trial Derby, and I shall be much mistaken if this bitch, if she has luck in finishing her breaking, does not turn out a really first-rate performer.

Of the other setters that showed good form I may mention Countess Kate. She is a very nice goer, and seemed to have a good nose. She is a nice-looking bitch, and will well repay further trouble being bestowed on her breaking. What I dislike in her—and this also applies to Silken, is that she seems to die away in pace, rather quicker than the amount of work done by her would justify. Silken is a small bitch, and appears to have an excellent nose. She has a somewhat cramped and snatchy stride, but perhaps as she gets more confidence she will extend herself a bit more. She carries her tail badly, which much detracts from her appearance, but will be, no doubt, a very useful setter.

Flirt is a lively bitch, goes in pretty form, and has nice style; she has I think, the makings of a very good setter. That is, as far as one can judge from two short trials. I like her style next best to Countess Rose, but between her and Countess Kate there is not much difference.

Countess Nellie has some excellent qualities, but at present she is only quite a raw puppy.

I will begin the pointer division with Viscount Downe's Jill. She is a good sized pointer bitch, has not very much pace, is very steady, both before and behind. She works lashing her stern in the old-fashioned style, which some sportsmen think so much of, but I see no use in it. She has a great drawback in not keeping her tail steady when on point, and you require to know her, or else you would think she was uncertain of her game; but this is not the case, as, when she comes on point, she is about the most reliable of any of the dogs I have seen from this kennel. She is a safe bitch to enter, but I do not consider at all a brilliant performer. She has done exceedingly well, having two years ago won the Horseheath, a-twenty-one dog stake. She is thoroughly broken, and, although not fast, by her systematic ranging covers a good deal of ground, and makes good use of all the game she crosses in her range.

Rapid, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's pointer, the winner of the first pointer prize in the Horseheath Stake, is a very fast dog, has an excellent nose, goes in splendid style, travels as level as a die. He is a fine backer, and, taking him all round, he is in the first rank of field trial performers. He is now six years old, but works as well as ever he did. He has won a lot of prizes, and has only by bad luck missed many more. He is by champion Chang out of Romp, and his dam once beat the celebrated Devon Bang. He came up to his work this year fit and well.

Riot, the pointer dog that was a winner in the Horseheath Stake, is a good-looking animal. He has won some prizes on the show bench, but will never rank A 1 in this respect He is a lively goer, carries himself in nice form, has a long reaching stride, a good position on point, and is a pretty backer. He ran a good dog, and was in one trial declared beaten before he was scarcely slipped, and in another. was hardly beaten. He seems a very reliable dog, and has been broken to quarter in a most satisfactory way. What he wants is a bit more pace to increase his chance of finding game, as the dog that can do this quickest at field trials often in doing it covers a multitude of faults. Riot is another Old Drake pointer, and as such he will always be regarded as a good dog to breed from. As an evidence of what he can do in the stock-getting line, I may instance that excellent puppy Sall, the winner of the second in the Derby Stake, and after this proof of what he can do, there is little doubt but he will have his chances of adding to his fame in this direction greatly increased.

Garnet, another winner in this stake, is an excellent dog, but it appears that he has not been quite kept up to his backing, as his falling to do so alone put him out. He is a very good dog, except the deficiency above pointed out. He is a big strapping pointer, goes a capital pace, is under excellent command, and in his breeding combines the best blood of Mr. G. Pilkington's well-known kennel. Garnet should prove a most successful stud dog.

Luck of Eden Hall, the winner of the Derby Stake, is a lemon and white dog, by Drake and Sall. He is a rough-looking animal, but very few of Drake's stock are much in appearance. He has no very great pace, but keeps on working in a persevering way. He has been very well trained and is remarkably steady on his game. His position on point is good, and, taking him altogether, he is a very good puppy; still, I do not see anything great in him. He is a useful pointer, and combining as he does such first-class field trial blood, and this with coming out the first puppy of 1879, will make him a valuable dog. In looking at this dog we cannot help wishing that more attention is not paid, in breeding field trial pointers, to combine good looks with their other qualities. The contrast between his appearance and his kennel companion's, Bow Bells, is a very striking illustration of what I mean.

Mr. Barclay Field's Sall, the runner up with Luck, is a bitch that shows a lot of quality. She is of medium size, white with liver ears, and ticked about the body. She is a stylish bitch at work, very staunch and steady, and well broken for her age, though perhaps a little bit nervous. She had to do a lot of work to get to her position—more so than the absolute winner—and she did it well. She has a good turn of speed, and not until she had done enough to knock up any puppy, did she give evidence of distress, so that she may be fairly said to be a good stayer. If she had only done the same work as Luck when she went down in the final tie, I fully believe she would have turned the tables on him. In this we had an example of the necessity of making dogs run out their byes. She carries her head like game-finding, has a nice even action, and is very tractable. She exhibits a fair nose and is careful in making out her game, and, taking her all in all, her owner has just reason to be proud of her. Her breaker, Mr. C. Bishop, has been lucky this year, having won with the only three dogs he has entered. If he has any drawback, it is the quite fairness in the working of his dogs, and surely this is not a real fault, but when down with anyone a bit tricky it places his dogs at a disadvantage, unless the judges keep awake to these manœuvres.

Puss, the winner of the Puppy Stake at Chester, is a nice bitch, goes in a level, easy style, has plenty of pace, and seems to be able to do any amount of running without knocking up. She has a very good nose, is thoroughly well broken, and remarkably steady on game, ranges well, and leaves no ground unbeaten. She is by Lord Sefton's Sam, out of Major Starkie's Kori; but of Kori I know nothing, only that she is said to have a good local pedigree. Sam is too well known by his produce to require any comment of mine to make his worth better understood.

Mr. Lloyd Price's Tick, the winner of third at Chester, is the pointer puppy of the year. She is a grand goer, has a regular racing style of gallop, and has the most pace of any pointer puppy I have seen this year. The easy way she gets over her ground shows the fine formation of her chest and limbs. She continues to hunt at a clipping pace as often as she is called upon, showing no signs of distress. She ran throughout these trials at a great disadvantage, being in season, but as it was, she would, if not drawn, have, I believe, won the Derby Stake, with more in hand than Luck. She is a good size, liver and white, ticked. Being entered in an aged stake, her pace and endurance were fully tested, and the more I saw her work the better I liked her. She combines some excellent blood, and is a rare bitch to breed from, being by champion Drake and Nimble Ninepence. She goes very much like her father, and seems to have a better nose than her mother. In this bitch Mr. Price has some return for his first outlay in purchasing Drake. I hope this bitch will be kept up to her work, as for the last year or two the aged dogs from this kennel have not run in any great form; but this may arise from the fact of having so many puppies always in the Puppy Stakes, to which the breaker's attentions are wholly directed.

Of the puppies not winners, I may say Keswick is far away the best, indeed, I like her next, if not equal to Puss and Tick, and she is by the celebrated prize winner Faust. Mr. Arkwright's Tinkle is a sweet-looking bitch, but rather deficient in pace, and this applies to most of Bang's get; it is quite remarkable how this dog stamps his descendants with his fine form, but their failing, is general want of pace. No one can wish to see a more stylish bitch than Bow Bells. She goes in beautiful form, and is very grand on point, but her lack of pace will always be her great drawback. She is a fine specimen of a pointer, and does Mr. S. Price's Bang the utmost credit.—*London Country.*

Mr. Long Explains How Nellie won at Hampton.

DETROIT, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your issue of May 31st, I notice Guido's inquiry relative to Nellie's winning (!) her honors at Hampton. What his motives are I cannot conjecture, save that he is the tool of certain parties, and of which I am much surprised. But be that as it may, as one of the judges, and perhaps it being through my instrumentality that Nellie won her place in the championship trial, it is incumbent upon me to reply.

Just how far my actions controled the award, the following statement, will explain. I therefore propose to go into a somewhat minute or detailed statement of facts. When asked by yourself to act as one of three judges at said trials, I gave the matter ample consideration, and finally accepted, with the full determination to do my duty to the best of my ability, having no favors to ask nor any kennel interest to work up, save perhaps, that my prejudices, if any, were with my good old natives, for which I yet hold a vast amount of respect and admiration. I went to Hampton and met my associates, Messrs Miller and Edwards. The former I had no personal acquaintance with, the latter I had met before. Never having seen a field trial, Mr. Edwards and myself placed ourselves, to a certain extent, under the guidance of Judge Miller, he having witnessed the Memphis trials. In consultation we adopted as one of the rules, that a dog making a point, and said point being claimed by his handler, and after holding a sufficient time to show staunchness, the handler being ordered to put up the birds, should a dog so ordered flush, it was not a penalty. I desire this particular rule to be understood, as it materially affects my actions as to Nellie's finally winning the aforesaid stake. And now to the trials.

In the Puppy Stakes I don't think there was any question as to her winning meritoriously, the point which Guido assumes being that Waddington and Sanborn did not agree to divide the champion 1st and 2d stakes. When Nellie was called upon to run her score in this stake, Mr. Sanborn came to me, and in his straight, honest way said: "John, what would you do if you were in my boots? Would you cut Nellie loose and take chances or would you work her close for points?" My reply was: "Dave, you have won glory enough anyway, you have nothing to lose and everything to win; *cut her loose for all she is worth.*" That he did so with a bold hand no one can deny who saw her in her 5½ hours work in the middle of the day running up her score. When she had three points to her good we stopped to lunch on a very rolling piece of prairie: lunch being over we started forward and down a hill, at the bottom of which Nellie came to a point. At that time I was back and to the left of the judges, about 150 feet. I saw Nellie make her point, as I supposed. At that moment I turned to look in an opposite direction for one of the party, Mr. Winford, of Tennessee, who was in very poor health indeed, and had left us on foot, while we were at lunch, to go to a house some distance back, and in an opposite direction from which we were going. I had much sympathy for him, and was fearful lest he might miss us. While looking for him I heard a bird rise from the grass, and I turned and looked and saw that Nellie had moved forward and that she had apparently flushed, and I so marked it on my field score. Starting forward again, Nellie in running down wind in a stubblefield made a very palpable flush, leaving her score three points and two flushes. Geo. Waddington's dog, Black Ned, had previously made a clean score of five points, but had not displayed anything but an ordinary dog; having been worked close and handled well.

After reaching our hotel that night, it being the last day, I took out my score book and began looking it over. In my judgment I saw that the race lay between Black Ned and Nellie for first place. I met Sanborn and so stated it. I also asked him if he would divide the stakes as per rule 7, providing Waddington would agree. He then said to me to go on and do the same as if Nellie were my own dog. I found Waddington and stated the same to him as follows: "George, in looking over my score it looks to me as though it is going to be a close thing between Black Ned and Nellie for first place, and in the event of a tie would you be willing to divide purses and give Nellie first place?" His answer was: "I don't care a d—n about glory, the money is all I am after." With that understanding I left him and went into supper. After supper I sat out on the verandah of the hotel in conversation with my associate Mr. Edwards, and while so conversing, Judge Miller came up to us and addressed Judge Edwards in the following way: "Edwards, I have been thinking this matter over regarding that flush we gave Nellie and I think we are doing her a terrible injustice." I immediately asked in what way, that I had also scored her a flush (the reference being to the one described as occurring at the foot of the hill). Miller replied: "Edwards knows that he ordered Sanborn to put up the bird." This to me was news. Mr. Edwards not denying it, I then said, "Gentlemen, if this be the case, having adopted the precedent [mentioned in fore part of my letter relative to dogs being ordered on] I shall sit in judgment a long while before I shall penalize her for that."

Soon after we adjourned to our private room to make up our official scores. When it came to Nellie's score Edwards was not in favor of allowing it, while Miller and myself were. I then stated publicly to them the conversation that I had had with Waddington and Sanborn relative to a division of the stake. By the way, our allowing Nellie a point gave her first place and Black Ned second. I then said, "Gentlemen, in order to satisfy Mr. Waddington in this matter, that he might assume that it was a tie, I will agree that Mr. Sanborn carry out the proposition named, inasmuch as that he, Sanborn, has given me authority to act my pleasure in this matter, and furthermore you will please call him up here and obtain his acquiescence in our award." Mr. Waddington came into the room, was told the whole transaction, and seemed perfectly contented.

Now, Guido, you have a plain and truthful statement of facts to distort as much as you see fit or that will please the whims of the clique whose mouth-piece I feel you are. My reasons for enlisting myself in behalf of Nellie were these: She, I thought, deserved all she got. Waddington himself said he didn't care a d—n for glory. In my actions toward her I did nothing that I was not sincere in; and as to the merits of the two dogs I don't think that any sane man who saw them run can question. That she had many admirers among the gentlemen who followed the trials, I think was apparent, judging by the clapping of hands and other evidences, when she would be called to find birds, as she several times was (they being scarce), and doing it in a style and grandness that was beyond any question. I thought her the best dog of her years I had ever seen, and spoke her praises not to one but all. And if field trials have the tendency to close one's mouth or debar one from the right or privilege of free speech, then I want no more of them. In conclusion I can only say that I stand by my actions at Hampton. If any error was committed it was purely of judgment, for which I am willing, as one, to take the blame, as I presume is my associate through whose instrumentality coupled with my own Nellie won first at Hampton.

JOHN E. LONG.

Kit Killbird to Badger.

TUNICA, LA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The fact or my believing that Badger never broke a dog in his life, nor owned perhaps not more than two or three, is sufficient in itself for foregoing any lengthy discussion with him, or comparing notes with him on the subject of breaking dogs.

Every man should know his game before he shoots, and with all of his hunting, where he has caught the idea from that I do not advocate the use of the whip I am unable to conjecture, unless like his species (*M. Labradorica*)—sometimes called "ground hog"—he has been indolent and asleep for the last two years and just woke up to steal my corn and grain from the CHICAGO FIELD.

If he had been reading the CHICAGO FIELD with a resolve to remember what he saw, then I can't understand why he should split his spleen across my shoulders simply because the actions of his "purp" had caused it to swell; for, Mohawk, I have never dispatched a line to your journal touching upon the art of handling the dog that was not prompted by a sense of duty, confirmed by experience and endorsed by a host of prominent sportsmen, one of whom, I am gratified to see (Grand River), speaks his mind in the same issue of your journal, that will ever serve as a memorial of the little squeal of a "Badger," who seems to be in search of a dog that will go along with him and retrieve his crippled and half-shot game without being whipped and choked to do it.

If Badger will scratch the top of his crown, perhaps he may be able to recall one or more of my letters in which I spoke of making one or two of my old dogs bring me the very whip with which I corrected them when they blundered; but oh, no, rather than do this, he would rejoice in the possession of a dog two and a half years old, that somebody has broken for him, and which he finds (wonderful, aint it?) he can make retrieve by whipping her, and in being able to cut up his quill in my lap when his dog disobeys the command, "Go fetch that dead bird," which is just three more words than I would ever employ, to convey my desire.

I confess I have discontinued the violent use of the whip or any other instrument of punishment, but I do not remember of having advised its discontinuance altogether, and my letters go to prove that I strongly defended a proper use of the whip and the check cord.

That term "coax" is an obsolete word in any kennel-lexicon, but if "Badger" means to imply that I cannot habituate a dog to the exercise of lessons required of him, or familiarize him with certain words of command without the use of whip and spike, then I say that his experience is at variance with that of nine-tenths of the best sportsmen of America. "Badger" confesses that his bitch was two years old when he bought her, and "grounded in retrieving," from which we may safely infer that she had seen two seasons on game; and from her actions we judge that she must have been taught to retrieve under the whip or by very severe force of some kind. If "grounded in retrieving" for two years, why should she refuse to retrieve, except at sight of the whip, her dumb monitor? Besides this, what are we to suppose "Gypie" will do when she catches "Badger" out some day without his little whip? Why, just this, seeing no whip, she'll see no bird, and having things her own way, she'll wink at him, perhaps across the mud, and with the inspiration of the spirit which prompted Balaam's ass to repeat some "kill-bird poetry" to him while his cripple treats him to a *hop* and finally to a distant *lay*.

I do not consider a dog two years and a half old "grounded in retrieving;" that *requires* a whipping every time a bird falls. Nor would I own one; for the pleasures of the hunt would be marred by any such proceedings. Therefore, is it not far better to train up a pup in such a manner, that his desire to find the dead game and put it in his master's hand, is akin to that irrepressible instinct which impels him over and across the boundless fields, rich and ripe with the enticing prey and fanned with the tainted breeze?

In conclusion I beg to say, "Let Badger pursue his own course of training and nurture his own 'doggie' ideas." Every man has his own peculiar way, and does not always deem it expedient to give his views or experience to the public; and surely under no circumstances does one care to exchange with "Badger," who broaches a subject of such vital importance under a spirit of so much mockery and derision.

KIT KILLBIRD.

A Bold Attempt at Dog Stealing.

PORTLAND, ME.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—An attempt was recently made to abduct my red Irish dog Cale that was unprecedented for boldness in this vicinity, and probably the thief had little idea of the risks taken. During my absence from Portland the dog, a young one, was taken from the street near his home to an outgoing train on the Boston and Maine R. R., and was fairly started on a westward journey. Such an occurrence has happened more than once, but invariably with the same results, thanks to the facts that not only are my dogs well known in this vicinity as well as elsewhere, but I have good friends on all the lines of railroads in the state, and I have suffered my dogs to be at large with immunity from loss by thieves. On this last occasion the train was hardly more than out of the city before the dog was recognized by an acquaintance (who proved to be also a good friend) of mine.

On being questioned the thief said that the dog was his own. "But I know that dog, and it belongs to Mr. Everett Smith." "I am Everett Smith," was the cool reply. "Not by a considerable," said my friend in need, a non-resident of Portland, who contented himself by the capture of the dog, which was duly returned to Portland. I much regret that I had not been there myself to settle that question of identity.

This dog Cale was awarded second prize in his class at the recent bench show in Boston, and V.H.C. (which was equivalent to second prize) in the puppy class at New York in 1877, although then but three months old, and the youngest one shown for competition.

As I have many times spent a good portion of several days in a critical examination of *some* of the dogs on exhibition at bench shows, I realize that it is impossible for a judge to give careful attention to all of the hundreds there collected, hence those dogs that first attract the eye, whether by their large size or fine coats or color, etc., naturally receive the most attention. Previous to the judging of Class 14 at Boston this year, I named Arlington and Cale to several gentlemen as the probable winners in that class, expressing also the belief, that I still entertain, that should the dogs be scaled for points Cale would undoubtedly stand first. In color, which scores five points in 100, Arlington ranked first on the bench. But Cale is at least his equal in head, shoulders and chest, feet, flag, symmetry and quality, and texture of coat and feather. Arlington has an advantage for show purposes in size and age, but Cale excels him in loin and stifles (15) and legs, elbows and hocks (12).

Had the judges examined the two dogs side by side by comparison of points, as I did, I have no doubt that their opinions would have coincided with my own. I was not in a position to call their especial attention to these points, and refrained from saying a word on the subject.

As I am entirely independent of a bench show reputation, which would be of no practical benefit to me, and only a compliment that I should take a sportsman's pride in, and as I bred Cale for my own use in the field, and he has already proved himself more than equal to my greatest expectations, I feel no chagrin at the awards.

EVERETT SMITH.

To Ho on the Wing.

OPELIKE, ALA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—*Dear Sir:*—I am now on a business trip through the Southern States, and if I run up with any items that I think will interest your readers, I will write.

I have been out three weeks, have passed through South Carolina and Georgia and am now in Alabama, and have thus far found the above mentioned items very scarce. I have not seen a good-looking dog since I left home. I do not pretend to say there are no good ones in the states through which I have passed, but I am very sure they are few and far between. I think about nine-tenths of the bird dogs in southern Georgia and this state are pointers. It is a rare thing to see a setter. I will say, just here, that I think your Auburndale, N. Y., correspondent, who has moved his kennel to Albany, Ga., has made a mistake in taking so many setters. I think he will find the climate so warm that they cannot do *first-class* work. I have looked up the sportsmen wherever I stopped and talked with them about dogs, shooting, etc., and I found them, generally, very much behind the times in sporting matters. One of their great needs is the CHICAGO FIELD, and I shall try to convince them of this fact. I have ordered mine forwarded to me from home, and shall take great pleasure in showing them to any persons whom I may find manifesting an interest in field sports. I can conscientiously advise them to subscribe to it, and to read it carefully; for *I know* it will open up to them a vast store of pleasure and information.

I am told that right good sport is had through this section of country, in July and August, shooting young doves. The shooting is generally done by parties of four and upward, who go to the stubble-fields, scatter as much as possible, and shoot the birds as they fly from one part of the field to another.

Quails (partridges they are called here) are said to be very abundant. Seventy-five is not considered a very large bag for one day, even with a common dog and muzzle-loading gun.

I guess this is a large enough installment for the first, so I will,

TO HO.

The St. Louis Show.

The St. Louis Kennel Club have issued the following circular regarding their show which is to be held next October:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

The St. Louis Kennel Club will hold a bench show of dogs here in October next, on the grounds of the St. Louis Fair Association. We send out notice thus early, in order, if possible, to get an idea of the number and character of the entries. The fair association will erect for our use a suitable building, and we wish to be able to dictate its dimensions. The show will occur during the fair week, and the dogs will be on exhibition by daylight only. Every effort will be made by our club to make the bench show in itself attractive to you, but in addition we will state that St. Louis can be seen to better advantage during the week of the great fair than at any other season of the year. Early in the week the Veiled Prophet's Carnival occurs, which will be this year the grandest spectacle of the kind ever witnessed, and will draw to this city visitors from all parts of the country. The fair is also of itself sufficiently attractive to justify you in coming here. Visitors are here during that week from every section of the United States.

If you can do so at this early date, you will oblige us by informing us if you think you can come to our show, and if so, how many entries you can probably make. We shall make the premium list so attractive, that you will be justified in entering all your good ones.

The bench show held here in February, 1878, was a grand one, owing to the efforts of the St. Louis sportsmen to make it such, and we can promise on the part of those gentlemen the same efforts to make our coming show equally successful. Your early reply will oblige. Yours very truly,

CHAS. H. TURNER, Sec'y.

CAN A DOG SPEAK?—Bridgeport, Conn.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Some years ago I was the owner of a cocking spaniel who was remarkable for his intelligence, not only in doing what are called dog tricks, but what I call common sense. I taught the dog to speak the words "yes" and "no" distinctly, and he would use them in answer to questions which he must have understood, without any special training. For instance, in walking through a street in Boston with Rolla by my side, I stopped at a butcher's shop and asked for a piece of meat for my dog. I asked the man if he had ever heard a dog talk. His reply was that he had heard them bark. I told him that my dog would talk. "Very well," said he, "I will give him all the meat he wants if he can." I spoke to Rolla and asked him if he had had any breakfast. "No," was the reply, to the great astonishment of the butcher. "Do you want a piece of meat?" "Yes, yes," was the answer. "If I give you a piece will you carry it home?" "Yes," said the dog. "And not eat it until you get home?" "No," replied Rolla, and I wrapped the piece of meat which the butcher willingly gave me in a piece of paper without tying, and gave it to Rolla, who started for home and I went the other way. Over two hours after, when I got home, I found Rolla lying on the door-step with the meat still in the paper between his paws.

A. C. H.

The writer is a gentleman well known to us, and one whose veracity is beyond question, his statements therefore can be accepted as facts.—ED.

ACONITE FOR DISTEMPER.—Detroit, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Since seeing aconite recommended for distemper in the CHICAGO FIELD, I have tried it in two very severe cases, both being cured by it in a few hours, the prescription being the same in both cases, two drops of Tincture of Aconite in two ounces of water and given in teaspoonful doses every half hour. The first case, that of a Newfoundland puppy about four months old, was very sick when I was called to see him, so sick that he could not be induced to stand up, eyes ran a thick, reddish looking matter, nose hot and dry, breath short and quick, groaned at every breath. I began giving medicine at four p. m., and saw the pup the next afternoon; he was playing with a ball, and as well as ever. Second case. Cocker spaniel, seven months old, case very similar to first, was given only eight teaspoonfuls of the same mixture and was and is perfectly cured. If any one has a dog with distemper and will try this simple remedy, they will ever feel grateful to the CHICAGO FIELD (if not for the discovery) certainly for making this prescription public property. Who would care to keep a dog sick days and weeks, with prodigious dosing, when he can be cured in a few hours with almost pure water.

M. V. B. SAUNDERS.

THE PRINTERS TO BLAME.—Omaha, Neb.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Your printers show a remarkable aptitude for eviscerating an idea or disjointing a sentence. Why is it not as well to print communications as written, or omit to print them and let the consequences fall upon the author? I confess no claim upon belles lettres, and am entirely willing to share whatever of criticism may befall my communications. But it is not pleasant to be cut up into fragments and thereby made subject to criticism. In my hasty report of the Nebraska dog show I took occasion to say, "The 'blue bloods' are well represented by Barriger's Bronze and Hammon's Doxie, and in Hamnon's Sweepstakes Joe Jr. has a fine representative, three months old, which is admired by all." The printer makes me say: "The 'blue bloods' were well represented by Barriger's Bronze, Hammon's Dixie, and Hammon's Sweepstakes; Joe Jr. has a fine representative three months old which was admired by all." The point is, it steals from Joe Jr. the paternity of Sweepstakes. I sought to avoid any seeming partiality between imported and native dogs. But I confess I am not sufficiently posted to stear clear of the shoals or maelstroms of that vexed question.

BOB WHITE.

DOG PATHS TO SUCCESS.—Virginia City, Nev.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—It affords me pleasure to recommend to brother sportsmen and those contemplating training their own dogs, the perusal of "Dog Paths to Success." A clear, lucid and instructive little volume, written by "Kit Killbird," a well-known contributor to the CHICAGO FIELD. It is the book out West. Trusting it and the CHICAGO FIELD may meet with the success they so richly merit by genuine lovers of true sport, I am

A HEARTY SUPPORTER.

ACONITE IN DISTEMPER.—St. Louis.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Having read in your columns so many accounts of the cure of distemper in dogs, I will state that I cured my bitch, Flora, of an attack of either distemper or a very bad cold, by giving aconite pills or pellets, such as I give my children. Sixteen at a dose, repeated every two hours, cured my dog in one day. He had a bad cough, and the beginning of distemper or a bad cold.

V. B.

BELLE, FIRE FLY, ETC.—Mr. H. W. Gause, Wilmington, Del., will accept our thanks for finely executed photographs of Belle (Pride of the Border—Kirby), Ollie (litter sister to Gladstone), Fire Fly (Rufus—Friend), and Warwick (Leicester—Petrel). Besides these Mr. Gause has in his kennel Carlowitz, Bishop (Gladstone—Belle), and Ruth (Warwick—Belle), making a strong kennel.

RATTLER.—A correspondent from Detroit writes us that Mr. L. F. Whitman's setter dog, Rattler, has been stolen. We regret to hear this, and hope Mr. Whitman will recover him. We will be obliged to our readers to keep a good look-out for him. He is a blue belton.

NEWFOUNDLAND—ST. BERNARDS.—A rare opportunity to secure well bred and handsome dogs of these combined strains is offered through the advertisement of Miss M. Schloetzer.

Names Claimed.

JUDSON AND LEILAH.—Mr. H. H. Winslow, Independence, Kan. claims for his champion Leicester—Pocahontas puppies, whelped Jan. 17, 1879, the following names: Judson, for black and white ticked dog, and Leilah for lemon and white ticked bitch.

DASH DALE.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I have received a "Dash II"—"Daisy Dale" pup from Boston, for which I claim the name of "Dash Dale," and present to my brother J. Walker Clark.

JAS. H. CLARK.

SENSATION—ROSES.—Mr. Edmund Orgill, New York city, claims the following names for Sensation—Rose, pointer puppies: Rugely and Roam for dogs and Rena and Rose II. for bitches.

LURETTE AND LUZERNE.—Dr. Saunders, Detroit Mich., has sold Lurette to Mr. Thomas Howell, New Haven, Mich., and Luzerne to Mr. W. H. Chudleigh, Detroit.

DEXTER.—Mr. W. Stellman, Baltimore, Md., claims the name Dexter for a 19 months old Gordon setter dog, bought of Mr. D. G. Hartt, Northport, L. I.

DON III.—Mr. H. W. Knapp claims the name Don III. for his Malcolm—June Gordon setter dog puppy.

Whelps.

MISSED.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—My bitch Minnie, who was served by Carlowitz has failed. I am the more disappointed as this is the second time I have failed to get some of that stock, my bitch Pixey having failed to him also. I hope in my next venture to be more successful.

JACK SNIPE.

FAIRY II. AND WHELPS.—Mr. J. C. Higgins, Deleware City, Del., has bought from Mr. W. H. Gumbes, Fairy II. and her whelps, Essex and Fairy III. by Pride of the Border.

SWAYZE.—Mr. H. H. Turner's Swayze (Rake—Fanny) whelped May 27, 1879, 5—3 dogs and 2 bitches—all white, black and tan—by Druid.

FANNY.—Mr. J. H. Whitman's cocker spaniel bitch Fanny whelped June 1st, 6 dog puppies—all liver and white—by his Carlo.

FLY.—Mr. George H. Hitchcock's Fly whelped May 31st, 14, 9 dogs and 5 bitches, by champion Drake.

AILEEN.—Mr. E. Dunn's red Irish setter bitch Aileen whelped May 31st, 12, 5 dogs and 7 bitches.

Sales.

MUNSON'S QUEEN.—Mr. J W. Munson, St. Louis, has sold his large lemon and white pointer bitch Munson's Queen to Mr. W. A. VanBrunt, Horicon, Wis., for $275, and engages two of her pups at $50 each. She will be bred to Faust.

A BEN—MAG.—Mr. H. Cassard, Baltimore, Md., has purchased from the Marshalltown (Ia.) Kennel Club an eight-months old Irish setter puppy by champion Ben—Mag.

MALCOLM—JUNES.—Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore, Md., has sold of his Malcolm—June litter one dog puppy to Mr. S. Haskell, and one dog puppy to Mr. H. W. Knapp.

FAIRY—Mr. C. H. Raymond's imported Laverack setter bitch Fairy, whelped May 13, 8—7 dogs and 1 bitch—by Theodore Morford's native setter Don.

BUSTER II.—Mr. V. Boisaubin, St. Louis, Mo., has sold to Mr. M. Park, Jr., of same city, his setter dog, Buster II. (Buster I.—Flora.)

NESTOR.—Mr. W. H. Gumbes has sold to Mr. J. C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., the Rob Roy—Belle setter dog Nestor.

Visits.

NELLY—BOB.—Mr. Coleman's Irish water spaniel bitch Nelly to Whitman's Bob.

LOU—GARRICK.—Mr. J. H. Whitman's Llewellin setter bitch Lou to his Garrick.

Deaths.

LOST HER PUPPIES.—Messrs. Irwin & Waddell have met with a great loss. Their pointer bitch, imported in whelp from the kennel of Mr. Whitehouse, lost her entire litter by premature birth.

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

COX—Altoona, Pa.—(1), What is the meaning of the word "Belton," as applied to the setter. Please define it. What is a "Belton Setter," is it a breed made by a cross from other breeds, or one peculiar to itself? (2) My setter dog has a bad cough, all right other ways. Coughs as though he had a bone or something else in his throat, though I think it comes from a cold. What shall I give him for it? Ans.—(1) The term belton has been adopted to express a combination of colors, and is as correct as usage can make any term. It is applied to a mixture of black and white, either in the form of a roan or to a white ticked, *i. e.* spotted with minute black spots; lemon beltons are similarly marked with lemon instead of black. (2) Of syrup of tolu and syrup of gum arabic each two ounces, and syrup of ipecac three drachms, give a dessert spoonful every three or four hours, if over six months old; if younger, a teaspoonful.

GUIDO—Memphis, Tenn.—Give the pedigree of the setter dog, King, which Mr. T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., matches against Mr. Malcolm's Malcolm. Ans.—King is a black and tan Gordon setter, and is by Fritz (Dash—Old Bess) out of Belle (Echo—Queen). He was formerly owned by A. A. Mellier, St. Louis, Mo., who sold him at the Baltimore show, 1878, to Mr. Taylor. At that show he was eleven months old and competed in the free for all Gordon setter class and got V.H.C. to the winner, Farrar's Rupert. In the open class he won second place to Robert N. Elder's Rap, and in the puppy class got a V.H.C. to Rap first.

W. H. P., Canton, O.—My bitch is from imported stock on both sire and dam's side. Can I call her imported? If so, would the pups from her and champion Bob be considered imported, and could they be shown in that class at a bench show? Ans.—She is considered imported. In what class at a bench show you could show her pups by champion Bob would depend on the rules of the show. Under the old rules of the National American Kennel Club they would have gone in the native class, being the second remove on the dam's side. At Detroit and Philadelphia shows they would have been classed as imported; at Boston, as native.

REMINGTON—Zanesville, Ohio.—I have a very fine setter bitch, a good hunter and retriever, and not wishing to be bothered with puppies, and not wanting to spay her, I have been told that if I would put a few pellets of shot into her *uterus* it would answer all purposes. Did you ever hear of such being done, and what do you think of it? I have been told by parties who have tried it that it effected the object desired. Ans.—We were told about a year since by Mr. D. C. Bergundthal, Indianapolis, Ind., that it had been tried and proved successful. Write him.

W. B. S., Three Rivers, Mich.—Can you give me any information in regard to a bitch known as Nellie, who is claimed to be a full-blooded Irish setter, out of an imported bitch called Sankey? If you can, is she a thoroughbred Irish setter? And was, or is she a prize dog? Also what can you say of a dog known as Colonel? Both, I think, are owned in or about Toledo, Ohio. Any information about these dogs—their pedigree, worth, and whereabouts, will be very much appreciated by one of the readers of your paper. Ans.—We can not. Can any one give the desired information.

W. W., Paris, Ill.—I have a Laverack puppy seven months old that does not seem to stand his game; he will road his game splendidly, but don't take body scent. I think his nose is defective, or do birds give stronger scent in the Fall? How can I break him to stand? Ans.—Some dogs work with a low head. Put a puzzle peg on him to make him keep his head up. Put a check-cord on him and hold him with it on his point. When he flushes jerk him over. He will soon, with practice, learn to be staunch.

E. C. E., Baltimore, Md.—I have a pet terrier dog which I think a great deal of. She has what is called weeping or running of water from the eyes. You will please let me know a cure for it? Ans.—Drop into the eye once a day two drops of a solution composed of sulphate of copper one grain, pure glycerine three drachms, distilled water five drachms. Keep it up until eye gets well.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Can you furnish me the pedigree of the Gordon setter Bob, owned by C. V. Scudders? He is said to be by Emmet's Bob, and he by Austin's Ben. Please let me know whether you know anything of these dogs? Ans.—We do not know the dogs. Can anyone give the information?

SUBSCRIBER, Pendleton, Ark.—Please give me the pedigree of Mr. Bryson's dog Whip; is he not a brother to Gladstone? Ans.—He is not a brother to Gladstone, as Gladstone is by Llewellin's Dan out of Higgins' Petrel. Whip is by Bergundthal's Rake out of Smith's Dart.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston, Mass.—Is tan bark (I mean the bark after it has been used for tanning leather) injurious to dogs? I use it in my kennel both for bedding and in the run; have been told it would keep away fleas. Ans.—It is not injurious.

J. M. T., Des Moines, Iowa.—Will you let me know how many Dashes there are in the National American Kennel Clubs's register. Ans.—Six English, three Irish, one Gordon and nine crossbred setters; two pointers, one (cocker) spaniel.

A., Baltimore, Md.—Did ever any of Elcho's get win a field trial? If so, where and what age? Ans.—Berkley won second to Sanborn's Nellie in the Puppy Stakes in the Iowa trials in 1877. He was then thirteen months old.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Port Galbraith.—Will you be kind enough to inform me in your valuable paper where in Chicago I can procure a male carrier pigeon. Ans.—The question is whether you want a carrier pigeon so called or an Antwerp which is now exclusively used for carrying. Can get you here a red carrier cock for $3.50, and Mr. Rust, 264 West Madison can find you Antwerps, though he will have to send out of the city for them.

HAUNTED ME.—Debt, poverty, and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring, which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost.—A Workingman.—(Advt.)

OLD BONNETS.—A lady, with Leamon's Dyes made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., can so change the color and character of her old ribbons and bonnets that they will be a marvel of freshness and beauty. Not much labor required either.—(Advt).

Chicago Field.

The American Sportsman's Journal.

Published by the Chicago Field Publishing Co.

Four dollars a year; two dollars for six months, one dollar for three months; strictly in advance.
Money should be sent by Postal Order, Draft on Chicago, or by Registered Letter.
The Trade supplied by the Western News Co.
Communications must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith, and all Communications, upon any subject, or for any department, must be addressed

N. ROWE,
Editor and Manager Chicago Field,
153 & 157 *Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.*

NEW YORK OFFICE:—No. 33 Park Row, New York city.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

THE MISSOURI STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

During the recent tournament in St. Louis, several of the sportsmen met together with the object of reviving the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, which we sincerely hope will be ultimately accomplished.

A correspondent sends us the following account of the meeting from the *Globe-Democrat*:

"Missouri is to have a State Sportsmen's Association. It has had one—organized in 1873—but it died in a few years of inanition, resulting from the inactivity and indifference of its members. The general revival in sporting matters throughout the country has filled the Missouri sportsmen with the praiseworthy desire of organizing anew. With this view a meeting was held last night at the store of Brown & Hilder, No. 604 North Fourth street. The attendance was rather slim, on account of the lateness of the hour at which the shooting match for the day closed. But what it lacked in numbers was more than made up by the representative character of those present, all being gentlemen who are known as old-time and enthusiastic patrons of all kinds of field sports. The fact was commented upon that Missouri, with its abundance of game and numerous shooters, was at the present without a State Association, and the determination was apparent that the apathy of the past should be atoned for by future energy. Among those who were present were: C. H. Krum (President), H. C. Pierce and H. S. Brown, representing the St. Louis Gun Club; E. Werk, J. K. Stark and D. L. Hall, Kansas City Gun Club; G. A. Houghton, Kansas City Amateur Gun Club; Paul Franke, St. Joe Gun Club; and J. Miller and W. B. Hauworth, Quincy (Ill.) Gun Club.

"Mr. Krum was appointed temporary chairman, and W. S. Brown temporary secretary.

"Mr. Krum, in explaining the object of the meeting, said that they had met to organize a State Sportsmen's Association, for the protection of game and fish, and mutual recreation and enjoyment in the way of field sports. There had been an organization in 1873, but it was now defunct. The proposed association was to be composed of members of gun clubs throughout the state, and with special reference to its continuance, was to have annual meetings and annual shoots. He invited suggestions as to a mode of organization, and especially called on Mr. Hauworth, of Quincy, Ill., ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, who was present at the meeting, and who in response, made many valuable suggestions and gave some excellent advice for those present to act on.

The chairman thought as there was only a small representotion present it would be better to determine where a convention should be held, a president and secretary chosen with reference to that assembly, and a committee appointed to frame a constitution and by-laws to be submitted thereto, and to call upon the several gun clubs in the state to co-operate.

Mr. Hall wished that an organization be effected at once. It was just as well to do so now as at any other time; they could elect officers and name a place of meeting. It was not judicious to put off organizing. The three largest clubs would fall into line when they saw that they meant business.

Mr. Brown coincided with Mr. Hall. The only question for them to determine was how they should correctly proceed. He urged immediate organization. He thought it was a burning shame that Missouri, with its hundreds of sportsmen and excellent facilities for sport, should be without a state association. Why, even in Texas, from which he has lately returned, there was a powerful association, and the forthcoming convention and shoot at Dallas promised to be a gigantic affair. They were going all around, and he could not understand why Missouri should not have its state association.

After some remarks by Mr. Stark, of Kansas City, Mr. Pierce moved that D. L. Hall and E. Guenot, both of Kansas City, be elected respectively president and secretary of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, and that E. Werke, of Kansas City, Paul Franke, of St. Joe, and H. S. Brown, of St. Louis, be appointed a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws, to be submitted to a convention, to be held in Kansas City October 21, 22 and 23 next, and that each club desiring to take part in the convention be entitled to send three delegates.

The motion was put before the meeting and approved. An adjournment was then taken.

THE PROSPECT FOR FALL.

Notwithstanding the general expectation was that there would be very few, if any, birds this Fall to shoot, especially quails, the prospect is that the coming Fall we shall have quite as good shooting as last year or any other previous good year.

The winter which has passed was one long to be remembered on account of the frequent and heavy snow falls, the bitter cold and the long duration of it. Indeed it seemed as though it never would end. Such a winter it is generally conceded we have not had for many, many years. The destruction to our game birds, especially quails, was very great, so great that the general expectation was that the shooting this Fall would amount to nothing, that there would be so few birds that it would not be worth while to go out after them. So apparent did this seem at one time that many advocated a general suspension of shooting quails until the Fall of 1880

While the mortality was very great, and in some places all the birds were killed, either by being imprisoned by the snow and starved to death, or falling easy victims to the unprincipled scoundrels who took advantage of their weakened condition through scarcity of food, in consequence of their food being buried under the snow, yet after all, in the majority of places more escaped to breed than was expected. The large majority of our correspondents writing have mentioned this fact; and the exception is where all have been killed off.

Fortunately the snow went off gradually, and instead of the usual drenching Spring rains which overflow and produce freshets, we have had a long and severe drouth which has been most propitious for breeding. The absence of overflows and freshets has prevented the usual destruction of nests, and the hatch, therefore, is unusually large, so that the favorable weather for breeding this Spring will more than counterbalance the disastrous affects of the Winter.

From Kansas we learn that both prairie chickens and quails are unusually numerous. From Missouri the same. From Iowa the reports are of the most favorable character. Our Sioux City correspondent wrote three weeks ago that one farmer told him that, by actual count, he had found in an eighty-acre lot thirteen prairie chickens' nests with from eleven to fourteen eggs each, and that besides he had seen one covey that had hatched.

From Rockville, Ind., a correspondent wrote us May 19th:

"It was thought in the Winter that the cold weather would kill the quails, but it has not. I have recently been out over the country, and I find that they are very plenty. A man who has a large farm, this morning told me that he had never seen them so plenty about his farm; that there were so many that they were destroying his young corn very badly."

From Nebraska, Minnesota and different portions of Illinois the reports are the most flattering. From the southern part of Illinois several correspondents have written us that the quails are if anything more numerous this year than last year, and last year they were more numerous than they had ever been before.

From Wisconsin and different sections of the Mississippi bottoms we learn that the woodcock shooting promises to be unusually good. From the same cause, as with quails and prairie chickens, the birds were peculiarly fortunate in not having their nests destroyed.

Duck and snipe shooting also should be unusually good the coming Fall, as their nests, also, were not molested.

Ohio will have no quail shooting this year, not from scarcity of birds, but through Granger legislation, as the birds are as numerous as in previous years. However, the woodcock shooting promises to be extra good. A correspondent writes us from Canton that in a couple of hours prospecting he found twelve old birds.

But there is always an "if" to interfere with and prevent the consummation of everything, no matter how certain it may seem, and the prospect for next Fall is not an exception to it. *If* the sportsmen keep a sharp lookout and see that the fledgelings are not shot the shooting will be good; *if* not, empty bags and the usual surmises where the birds could have gone to will be the reward for a failure to do that which is the duty of every *true* sportsman. He who protects the birds desires a share of them; he who either violates the law and shoots during the close season or winks at others doing it, deserves empty bags and the anathemas of all true sportsmen, and our only regret is that there is not some certain process by which each should get his just deserts.

THE ADVANTAGES THE COLOR OF OUR PAPER POSSESSES.

The CHICAGO FIELD has the credit of possessing much excellence, so much so that it is not necessary each week for us to point out wherein its merit consists. Our readers not being obtuse are well able to judge for themselves. But there is one fact it is not out of place for us to draw their attention to, for the reason that perhaps few have ever given it consideration. Not only do we give them the most interesting of reading matter and plenty of it, but we print on a paper the color of which enables them to read it without injurious effect to their eyes.

Now this is no small consideration when we know how many have ruined their eyes by reading, and it is a fact that the tint which we use is not injurious to the eyes, while white paper is. The following letter from Dr. R. Tilley of this city, a gentleman who devotes much time to scientific research, corroborates the fact that the color of our paper is in accordance with the physical laws of sight.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Allow me to congratulate you on the present appearance of the CHICAGO FIELD. As I am not given to compliments I should not have addressed you for this purpose, but for the special conformation of the tint of the paper you have chosen to the physiological laws of sight.

The furor of blue glass has passed over and it will "hardly ever" dare to show its face again to the present generation; but Monsieur Javal, a French scientist, who has devoted a large part of his life to the investigation of the physiological laws of sight, has shown that the chamois leather tint, to which yours pretty nearly corresponds, is the best adapted to the normal eye, and has recommended the same to the French Council of Education for general school books. It matters not to your subscribers whether you came to your choice through a series of scientific experiments, like Monsieur Javal, or whether you hit upon it by an innate perception of the adaptation of things, the fact remains the same; you have succeeded and are succeeding in making hours of the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD pass away pleasantly; you hit upon the happy method of adopting every improvement which tends to make the reading of the feats of sport of humanity as happy as the sport itself. TILLEY, M. D.

FIELD TRIALS EAST.

Black Ned in our last issue started the ball rolling for a field trial in the East. The idea is deserving of general endorsement, both for its meritorious object and the feasibility of it. We would like in this issue to say what we wish to in favor of it, and which the subject deserves, but defer doing so until a subsequent issue, as we are pressed for time and space.

Last year we had contributed a thousand dollars toward the carrying out of the Maryland trials, and for this trial, proposed we believe we can raise a similar amount. We shall be pleased to hear from our readers on the subject.

The following letter starts the subscription with $25. Let others follow Mr. Miley's example.

LANCASTER, PA.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Keep the ball rolling which Black Ned started for a field trial here in the East; whoever gets it up can count me in for $25 and the entrance fee for two dogs; each shall be there. Let us hear from others.

C. Z. MILEY.

TOURNAMENTS.—On Monday next, Jnne 16, and continuing the 17, 18, 19 and 20th, the Louisville tournament will take place at Eclipse Park, Louisville, Ky. They have all the birds necessary. The purses are cash prizes of liberal size and are open to all amateur shots, but each day there is a "free for all," to which professionals are admitted....On Tuesday, the 17th, will take place the great inter-state match between Kentucky and Tennessee, fifteen men from each state, sixteen single and eight pairs of birds to each, for a purse of $5,000, $2,500 a side. This match is creating an immense deal of excitement and will doubtless be witnessed by thousands. All the railroads running into Louisville give one fare for the round trip. The Louisville Hotel has reduced its rates to those attending the tournament to $2.50 a day ...The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association Tournament commences at Marshalltown on the 17th and continues through the 18, 19 and 20. Captain Bogardus will give an exhibition shoot on Friday, the 20th, at 2 o'clock, and will act as referee throughout the tournament. The birds necessary are in the coops at Keokuk, Iowa . July 3 and 4 there is to be a tournament at the Fair Grounds, under the auspices of the Keokuk Shooting Club; seven hundred and fifty dollars will be given in prizes. The purses will be open to all amateurs.....The Dennison (Texas) Gun Club give a tournament on the 4th and 5th of July. The programme is not yet published, but five thousand pigeons, besides glass balls, will be necessary to shoot it out. Special fares are given on all railroads running to Dennison....The Gulf City Gun Club of Mobile, Ala., give a tournament June 26, 27 and 28, open to all amateurs. Fifteen hundred dollars in cash will be donated in prizes, divided into five purses; and on the last day the club handicap championship badge, open only to members of the club, will be shot for.

TURF MATTERS IN DETROIT, MICH.—The racing outlook at Detroit is a bright one. She possesses one of the best tracks in the Union in the Hamtramck. The visible decay of the trotting interest among them has brought to the surface the formation of a Jockey Club, the founders consisting of some of the leading citizens. The first formal meeting was held on June 5, when the following named gentleman announced their intention of taking stock in the club: George Jerome, R. A. Alger, M. S. Smith, Geo. W. Bissell, H. M. Duffield, W. G. Thompson, Frederick Moran, Charles Dupont, George Hendrie, James McMillan, W. J. Chittenden, E. Ferguson, George W. Voorhees and others. Mr. Dupont, said that he had been guaranteed, in case the club was formed and should give a meeting this Summer, the presence of about one hundred famous running horses from the South and about fifty from the West and East.

The meeting then decided that the club should be organized and that a meeting shall be held on the first four days of July next, and that four races shall be gaven each day for prizes aggregating about $5,000

George Hendrie, Frederick Moran and Charles Dupont were appointed a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the government of the club and to nominate officers. The committee are to report at a meeting of all persons interested in the enterprise, which will be held upon the call of the chairman, Mr. Hendrie.

O'LEARY AND CROSSLAND.—Mr. Peter Crossland's offer to walk Mr. Daniel O'Leary a 75 hour match for $5,000 a side, and all the gate money, brought those gentlemen together at Capt. Turtle's office on Friday last. Mr. O'Leary objected to the amount of the stake, as being too large, also to all the gate money going to one man, and was willing to walk for $2,000 a side and two-thirds of the gate money to the winner and the remaining third to the loser. It being necessary to cable Crossland's friends before anything could be done, a second meeting was made for Saturday evening at eight o'clock, when Captain Turtle announced that Crosaland's English backers would not consent to a smaller stake than $5,000, but would be willing to agree to the proposed division of the gate money. If not able to get a match on these terms, Captain Turtle's instructions were to send Crossland home. O'Leary asked a postponment of the question until Monday morning, when he expressed himself ready to make a match for $5,000 a side. The articles of agreement will be submitted to both parties this week. It is not settled where they will walk. After getting the red pepper in his eyes Crossland is afraid of Chicago and it is not improbable some other place will be selected.

THE MEETING AT BATTLE CREEK.—Battle Creek, Michigan, inaugurated a meeting under the most favorable of circumstances; not only was it largely attended but the quality of the horses was very superior. There were over 5,000 people present to witness the races on Friday, June 5th, when the 2:19 and three minute classes were trotted. Bonesetter won the former with ease in three straight heats in 2:25½. Lula K. in three straight heats coopered the others in the three minutes class. Mrs. Sweet, at the conclusion of Bonesetter's race, presented him from the Judge's stand, with an elegant wreath of flowers. In the evening Mr. H. H. Brown, the president of the association, intertained the turfmen attending the meeting with an elegant banquet, at his mansion. Judge Summerfield and Mr. H. V. Bemis, the owner of Bonesetter, were present and were among those who made speeches. Also Mr. Frank Dunton. Altogether the meeting was of the most enjoyable as well as successful character.

THE FOURTH OF JULY TROTTING MEETING.—In our horse department will be found the probable starters for the purses offered by the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club to be trotted on Independence Day. The names are also appended of those who have paid forfeit. It will be noticed that the three-year-old purse is off, only two of the entries having paid in full, the requirements of the race exacting that five enter and three start. There will, however, be no detraction in interest by the failure of this race, for the manager, Col. Conley, has completed arrangements for a contest which would in itself draw a great attendance. This is an agreement made with the owners of Hopeful and the noted California trotting gelding Col. Lewis, to trot for a purse of $2,500, mile heats, 3 in 5 to harness. The recent rulings of the Board of Review of the Edwin Forrest case has been a serious set back to the Higbie Brothers' interest, Morrill Higbie being suspended, thus obliging them to cancel their nominations for this meeting.

TROUTING ON THE BRULE RIVER.—This is the title of a volume which will be eagerly read by all sportsmen. The work is a faithful itinerary or narration of the fishing and gunning incidents on the Michiami, Paint, Trout, Brule and Menominee rivers, of Michigan and Wisconsin, of four well-known members of the legal profession, of Chicago, James L. High, Josiah H. Bissell, Franklin Denison, John Lyle King and of L. Pratt. It relates in a graphic, brilliant and amusing style, the many entertaining incidents of several week's journeying, sporting and open-air life in the wilderness, and portrays, with the detail and fidelity of a diary, the actual life and fun of vacation wayfaring. A valuable addition to the book is its preface and route tables, affording valuable information not hitherto easily accessible in relation to portions of the Northern Wilderness and the means of reaching and enjoying them. The book is now ready for delivery by Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., publishers, Chicago.

MR. SMITH.—To-day (June 14) Mr. L. H. Smith, with his family, will sail from New York for Europe by the Inman steamer City of Chester. Mr. Smith will be absent until the middle or the latter part of September, but at any rate will be back in time to participate in the St. Louis show and Kennel Club field trials. It is possible he may add a dog or two to his kennel, should he find any superior to those we have here. We have made special arrangements with Mr. Smith to report the Alexandra Palace show for us, which takes place next July 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, and as there are few men as good a judge of a dog, and none better, our readers can expect a good report. Mr. Smith will also give us some letters regarding the kennels he visits, and he proposes to visit all of the principal ones. He also promises himself some grouse shooting in Scotland in August, and of that we shall hear from him also.

THE OLDEST CLUB.—A week or two since we stated that Keokuk, Iowa, boasts of the oldest club in America. The facts re-

garding the medal are not exactly as given, which our correspondent corrects. By the way curious enough we received a letter from Mr. John Stannus a few days after the article appeared, written from the Black Hills, requesting us to forward him a couple of barrels of glass balls for a shoot on the 4th of July. Writes our correspondent from Keokuk: "In regard to the oldest club in the United States, my informant was a *little off*. The badge was first won by Mr. John Stannus, and afterwards by Mr. Thos. Bowden, who still retains it. The badge was not presented by the *Clipper* as first stated, but was bought by subscription and the model cast in Keokuk, Ia., and polished and engraved in Quincy, Ills. I am sorry for the error, but I supposed I had it straight the first time." SNAP.

THE NEW YORK STATE MEETING.—The veteran Henry Knapp, whose face is familiar as his name to every member and attendant at the meetings of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and without whose presence the tournament would be lacking in one of its most essential features, was in Chicago last week with Mr. Brown of the Monroe Co. Sportsmen's Club, looking for pigeons for the meeting which is to take place at Rochester. The Louisville and other tournaments having bought all the birds as fast as they came into the market, Mr. Knapp was not able to get any, and returned home on Saturday after leaving orders for all that could be got. It will be impossible for the association to get the birds in time to hold the meeting before July, at the earliest, and there is little doubt, therefore, that it will be postponed until September.

THE ILLINOIS GAME LAW.—Our attention has been drawn to the fact of section 1 of the Illinois game law, as published in our issue of May 17, reading: "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hunt or pursue, kill or trap, net or ensnare or otherwise destroy any wild *duck*, doe or fawn, etc., between the 15th of January and 1st day of September in each year." Instead of *duck* read *buck*. A b reversed becomes a d, which happened in correcting the proof; the b was reversed and became a d, and it read *duck*, whereas but for the accident it would have read as it should have, *buck*. The close season for ducks is from May 1 to August 15.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHICAGO.—Such is the title of a book which is now being prepared by Mr. John L. Wilson, known to our readers as Calamink. It will be a history of Chicago from 1834, and as Mr. Wilson is one of the early settlers and has always led an active life and had an intimate acquaintance with the men of the past, and was more or less a participant in all of importance that took place between 1834 and 1844, no man is better able to compile such a history. It can not but be appreciated as it will be a link between the men of Chicago's early days and those of the present.

THE FASHION.—Such is the name of a "Ladies' Lager Beer and Lunch Parlor" which was opened last Saturday by Dr. C. D. Favor at 52 East Madison street, near State street. The rooms are handsomely fitted up and everything will be served up in the very best style and at moderate prices. It certainly ought to be the "fashion," as it is the Doctor's intention to make it first class in every respect—a place where ladies down town shopping and without an escort can go and get a good lunch. Such a place is much needed and the locality is admirable for the purpose.

BATTERY SHOOTING.—Commencing on our front page will be found an article entitled Battery Shooting, from the pen of the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, which cannot but be interesting to our eastern as well as western readers. Mr. Roosevelt is one of the most gifted writers of sporting literature of the day. Not only is his style happy and amusing, but he writes from personal knowledge.

GONE TO EUROPE.—On Thursday, May 29th, Mr. Edmund Orgill sailed from New York in the Inman steamer, City of Montreal, for England. Mr. Orgill will visit the Alexandra Palace show, to be held next July, with the intention of purchasing the best pointer dog he can find, for the purpose of crossing on his Flake—Lily bitches, Rose, Ruby, etc.

A GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—It is rumored that the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association contemplate having a grand encampment during the coming Fall on one of the northern streams in Michigan. If they do it is safe to say it will be one of, if not the most, enjoyable sportsmen's meetings ever held.

THE PROPER APPLICATION.—We believe it is generally admitted the CHICAGO FIELD is worth its subscription price. It ought to be, for each number costs enough. Let each subscriber show his appreciation by remitting promptly on receipt of his bill. Don't forget it.

THE TOLLESTON CLUB.—The Tolleston Club will entertain their friends at the club house to-day (Saturday, June 14th). Conveyances will meet the M. C. R. R. trains leaving Chicago at 4 p. m., Friday, and 7 a. m., and 9 a. m. Saturday. A good supply of birds are on hand.

A GENTLE HINT.—Will those to whom we have sent bills please remit, and not leave the bills to moulder and decay in some pigeon coop or old cast off coat until we are put to the trouble and expense of sundry duplicate and triplicate bills.

UNPAID.—Several bills sent out remain unpaid. Those who are in arrears will please remit promptly, otherwise we must stop the paper.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Marshalltown, June 17.

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 14.

Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.

New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Rochester, ——.

Holding Ahead on Crossing Birds.

SERENA, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Being very much interested in the discussion of "holding on game," which has appeared in your valuable sheet, I take this opportunity of stating a few facts on the subject, which I have proven, beyond a doubt, from actual tests.

I constructed a machine, similar to the one described by Nanit, only more perfect. I took a 2x4 stick, 16 feet long, bored a hole in one end, and fastened it to an upright post 2 feet high, with an iron bolt for the axis. I then constructed a track, or slide, for the 2x4 to revolve on around the axis. I then attached very securely, one of Bedford's Eureka air pistols, nine-inch barrel, which shoots darts or lead slugs very accurately fifty feet, calibre 51—and shoots the slugs with force enough to stick them into a pine board at a distance of 20 feet, and with more speed than the "pea gun" mentioned by Nanit. On the opposite end of the 2x4 I nailed a target board, three feet long and ten inches high, the muzzle of the pistol being just 16 inches from the axis. Now I was ready for action, and placed a dart in the pistol, and in five shots, with target at rest, put every dart inside of an inch diameter.

I now placed a small target over that spot, preparatory to testing flying shots by "holding on." I revolved the target at the rate of 30 feet per second, a trifle over 20 miles per hour. I considered this speed in proportion to the speed of a pistol bullet, as 60 miles per hour would be to a shot-gun charge at 30 yards. I revolved the target first for five shots with darts, moving the target from right to left, as you face the target from firing point. The dart struck the target-board each time, from 12 to 15 inches to the right of the target, the distance varying in proportion to the speed of the target. Now, thinking perhaps the atmosphere might retard the lateral effect of the projectile after its expulsion, I placed in the pistol the lead slugs, and in every instance found the moving target missed, from 10 to 15 inches to the right. I was very careful to try the slugs on the standing target first, and every three shots I tried the standing target, to be sure the pistol did not get out of place, and found it hit the target every time, and the sights were on the centre of the target through the entire practice.

My experiments proved the following facts: That while the target moved from right to left 30 feet, the muzzle of the pistol moved 32 inches, and could not possibly give the projectile lateral motion enough to keep up with the target. Whether the gun and target are moving parallel with each other, or on a circle, it is plain to see the speed of the projectile has the same lateral force as the muzzle of the gun, at the time of explosion, and *no more*, that is, for any reasonable shooting distance.

It was clearly shown that the target moved nearly ten times as fast as the muzzle of the pistol, showing that the projectile would lack just this difference of lateral motion to keep up with the speed of the target.

Now, to illustrate: A duck is passing at right angles to shooter, at a distance of 40 yards away; his speed is 100 feet per second; the muzzle of the gun, following the duck, would travel about 10 feet per second; it would take 1-10 of a second for the charge of shot to reach the duck: in the meantime the duck will travel 10 feet in 1-10 of a second; the muzzle of the gun travels one foot in 1-10 of a second, which would give one foot lateral force to the charge in 1-10 of a second, whether shooting ten feet or ten miles in this time. The duck would be just ten feet from the point where it was fired at, and the charge of shot, if accurately aimed at the duck, and the gun moving at the relative speed of the duck, would strike the line of flight one foot ahead of the point fired at, or just nine feet behind the duck. What a great many would judge to be only from 3 to 5 feet ahead of a moving object at 40 yards, is in reality nearer 10 feet. The above facts are tests only on *straight away crossing* shots, and of course must be modified for quartering and overhead shooting.

I began this experimenting with the hope, in fact the belief, that birds could be killed by *holding on them* when crossing line of fire, as any sportsman will admit it would be easier to "*hold on*" than to judge the distance ahead, but I find actual tests will not support the "*hold on*" theory, but fully sustains my experience on the water, and in the field, with the gun, which has been very considerable, perhaps as much field and duck shooting as any man in this state.

I will give my manner of shooting crossing ducks, as it is very seldom any other bird gives you a straight away crossing shot if you are hunting on or along a river. When a flock is coming be careful to note their *speed*, *distance* and *height*, also *amount* and *direction* of wind. Now, nothing but actual practice of this kind can give a sportsman certainty as to results, but when "up to the biz," he can take all in at a glance. I always bring my gun to my shoulder before a duck reaches me and follow up until nearly opposite, then pushing ahead from 4 to 10 feet, according to the speed of the duck, I pull, and nearly always meet with success. I always try to shoot as quickly as possible after the bird has passed, and never before it is nearly opposite. My opinion, sustained by theory and practice, is that a duck flying at the rate of 60 miles per hour, cannot be killed by holding directly on at 30 to 40 yards distance.

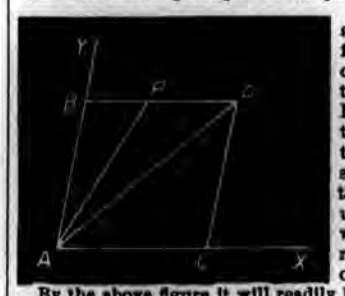
Now, dear Editor, if this should find a place in your columns, I shall be pleased to have some unbiased sportsman try my experiment, as I think I have shown to doubting ones that you must hold ahead. KOSHKONONG.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have read, with a good deal of interest, the different theories and logic of your different correspondents on the subject of holding on or ahead of crossing game, and especially an article which appeared in your issue of March 15th, written by T. S. Van Dyke. His version of the shooter unconsciously holding ahead on crossing birds is an idea to me both new and beautiful, and undoubtedly accounts for the success of that class of sportsmen that practice holding "dead on." I have been equally amused with the effort of your correspondent, "Nanit," in his endeavor to prove the correctness of those who advocate the "hold on" theory. His pea-shooting apparatus would, I fear, prove false to his theory in practice, as the cloth backing would undoubtedly receive the "brunt of the battle."

In "Nanit's" article, which appeared in your issue of May 17th, he says: "One of the primary laws governing moving bodies is, that when a projectile and a lateral force are communicated to an object at the same time, the latter will increase in direct ratio to the former."

Now, simply to prove the incorrectness of this "primary law," I will endeavor to give, as an illustration, a diagram in accordance with well known principles of compound motion:



"If a body A be acted upon at the same time by two forces, one of which would cause it to move in the direction A Y, over the space A B, in one second of time, and the other cause it to move in the direction A X, over the space A C, in one second, then the two focuses acting upon it at the same instant, will cause it to move in a resultant direction A D, in one second of time."

By the above figure it will readily be seen that the lateral motion is neither increased or diminished by the projective force. Both forces are equal, and if they were not, the only difference would be in the resultant. For instance, the projective force is sufficient to cause it to move over the same space, as shown in the parallelogram, and the progressive force one-half as great; the resultant would then be over the space A P, in one second.

This principle, which governs all moving bodies acted upon by two forces at the same time and in different directions, I will now attempt to apply to the bullet, or charge of shot, in cross shooting.

Let us take, for instance, a similar example to that given by Van Dyke in your issue of March 15th: "Given, a bird 100 feet from the shooter, flying at the rate of 50 feet a second, the gun-muzzle 4 feet from the shooter, what will be the speed of the gun muzzle in following the bird in its flight?"

Since the gun extends 1-25 of the distance from the shooter to the bird, it follows that the muzzle would travel in the same proportion, or 2 feet in 1 second. We will now suppose the explosive force of the powder to be sufficient to carry the charge "1200" feet in 1 second, or 100 feet in 1-12 of a second. Now, by adding the lateral force imparted by the moving muzzle 2 feet per second, or 2 inches in 1-12 of a second, (as shown in the above example), and we have the resulting direction 2 inches from the line of discharge. This deducted from 4 feet 2 inches, the distance traveled by the bird in 1-12 of a second, leaves a distance of 4 feet between the bullet, or centre of the charge, and the bird. Thus it will be seen that the motion of the gun in simply following the bird, makes but little difference in the direction of the charge; and that in the practice of commencing behind and overtaking the bird, the advantage would still be small, as the motion of the gun muzzle could not be practically greater than ten feet per second or 1-5 the speed of the bird, so there can be little doubt but that those who successfully practice the "holding on" principle, unconsciously carry the range of sight a comparative distance ahead of the game. It will be remembered that these principles are subject to certain modifications, as the resistance of the air, direction and force of the wind, and also the course taken by the bird, whether perpendicular to the line of discharge, etc.

The point taken by your correspondent, J. W. Long, is a correct one, and demonstrates *plainly* and *conclusively* the erroneous position taken by those that would teach us bad practice.

One of the principal points taken by the many advocates of binocular shooting is the advantage gained by the more accurate calculation of distance. O' what consequence "Schneider," "Nanit," is distance if your teachings are correct?

I should not have encroached upon your valuable time and space, or the time of your readers, with this scribbling, but have been induced to do so for the purpose more particularly of showing the trifling advantage to be gained by keeping the gun in motion when firing at crossing game. A. A. F.

PUEBLO, COL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have read, with interest, the various articles from the many different writers on the above subject, and have carefully examined the diagrams and followed the ideas of different sportsmen, with a view of learning something of advantage to me. I think no hunter is too old to learn. I make a business of hunting (especially in the Fall) for a living. With so many hunters in the field, who either kill or frighten the game away, I have to take every advantage to make very much of a success of it.

What I have to say on the subject of holding ahead or on is not to enter into any discussion of the matter or to give you my ideas, because I think they are better than other men's, for probably they are of very little value to any one but myself, but I simply give my experience, and if it is of the least benefit or interest to any one I shall feel well paid for my trouble. I hunted woodcock for a good many years with good success. I have spent a good deal of time shooting sea fowl on the New England coast, as well as in the British Provinces. I have also made a good showing in several pigeon matches. I have but one method of shooting, and that is to hold *square on the bird*, or as nearly so as possible. I follow the bird up with my gun, and the instant I cover it I shoot, and keep my gun moving. *I know that I do this.* Some might ask how I know. Every sportsman knows that for an instant after shooting he loses sight of the game. Many times I have missed my bird with my first barrel, and when I caught sight of it again had it nicely covered with my second. I think this is good evidence that I keep my gun moving. Doubtless many others have had the same experience.

I have no diagrams to send, but I will give you a simple test of the thing. Put up a small target on the side of a building, or other place where your charge of shot will show; hold your gun away from it, one side or the other; then bring it up to the target as rapidly as a bird will fly, and be sure that you keep it moving when you fire; shoot as soon as your gun covers the mark, and I think you will find that your charge has passed the target. It does not make much difference with a shot gun whether you are exactly on a bird, or whether you are two, three, or even six inches off at thirty yards, your gun is bound to scatter that much. When you come to using a rifle you will have to be more careful, for if your rifle is good and properly sighted, you *must hold on*, or you are sure to miss. I claim that it is impossible to draw a fine bead ahead of a running deer or antelope. If you draw a fine sight ahead of your game you lose sight of it. I know several good hunters who use globe sights, and one living in Golden City, who uses a telescope. How can they tell by holding ahead, whether they are not holding too high or too low? It is better to satisfy ones self by experiment than to go by any man's theory. I don't suppose my idea is worth a cent to any one else, but my experience tells me to *hold square on and keep my gun moving*. I start for the Pacific Slope about June 10th, with Chicago parties. H. M. M.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Nanit and Schneider, the leaders of the "hold on" division, have both been heard from, and the former utterly repudiates the lateral motion theory, whilst the latter takes no great stock in it.

When I advanced the lateral motion theory I was aware that I was advancing an absurdity, but I "threw a sprat to catch a salmon," and have accomplished my desire, for the hold on men repudiate this lateral motion idea, and now leave themselves no reason for "holding on" but that of the shot annihilating space. That this is an impossibility I believe I can readily prove, thanks to the records of the *London Field* gun trials, which have given us a fair means of ascertaining the velocity of shot at certain distances.

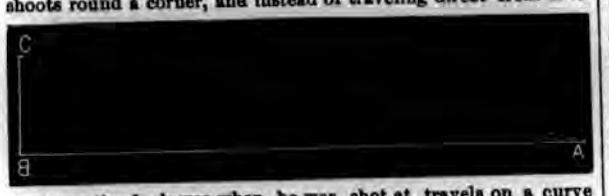
I will now quote from a letter in *London Field* of May 24th, which gives "The time occupied by the shot in passing over each successive space of 10 yards from the muzzle, approximately in thousandths of a second; the sums at 40 and 60 yards agree very closely with the results of the experiments (i. e., trials above referred to).

	0 to 10 yds.	10 to 20 yds.	20 to 30 yds.	30 to 40 yds.	40 to 50 yds.	50 to 60 yds.
Time of flight	.048	.050	.052	.054	.056	.058
Sums for 20, 40 and 60 yds.....	——	.098	——	.204	——	.318

According to this the time occupied by the shot (No. 6 used in the gun trials) in traveling 30 yards would be more than one-sixth of a second, but for the sake of argument we will call it a sixth; and for the same reason, let us allow that a duck travels on a still day 60 miles an hour, at which rate he would travel 88 feet in a second.

A duck going 60 miles an hour travels 88 feet in a second; one-sixth of this is 14⅔ feet. Therefore we have the shot traveling along in one direction and doing 90 feet in one-sixth of a second,

whilst at right angles to it a duck is flying, doing 14½ft. in the same time. By the time the shot reaches the place where the duck was when the trigger is pulled the duck is 14½ feet away, and not even a scatter gun would ripple his feathers, unless it was one of those guns we some times read about, but never see, that shoots round a corner, and instead of traveling direct from A to



B, where the duck was when he was shot at, travels on a curve from A to C, where the shot catches the duck.

Now, as Nanit repudiates the lateral motion theory, and does not believe in aiming at the point C, where the duck and the shot should naturally meet, he must have one of those guns that shoots round the corner, and ought to secure a patent for it, for no sportsman would be without it. No fellow would spend time, powder, shot and thought to arrive at the experience which tells him exactly how far ahead to hold to kill a duck, when he can buy one that only requires him to hold right on his bird and yet kill him on the fly.

Let the "hold on" men fix a gun firmly in a vice and direct it at a target 6 inches in diameter, 30 yards away. Set this target against a spring and attach the spring to a trigger. Now attach stout strings to the trigger of the gun and to the trigger of the target; pull both strings simultaneously and if any shot get into the target I will become a blind follower of my blind leaders, though I never hit another bird on the wing and have to take to pot shots to fill the pot.

Will Nanit and Schneider explain to me why on a windy day a rifleman practicing at a stationary target with a rifle holds to windward of his target if he has no wind gauge, and sets that so much to windward if he has one? The target does not move, but the wind does, and moves his bullet along with it, so that he has to *hold ahead of the wind* so that its force may carry the bullet on to the desired point.

At short range we hold very little, if any, ahead, but the longer the range or the swifter the flight of a crossing bird the more must we allow. In this knowledge of how much to allow—in the rapidity of mental calculation and instant combined action of hand and eye—is the difference between wing shots and wing shots. It is just the same inexplainable mental calculation that a billiard player makes in giving English to his ball.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—There seem to be a great many who differ with that prince of sportsmen Forester, who tells us to hold ahead.

I will give a few facts, not figures, about how I succeed in bringing down ducks. I believe I have killed as many ducks as any man in Texas, except market hunters. I have shot along side of these market men, and can always kill more ducks over 50 yards than they can. I make this a point: If I can distinguish the duck by its coloring, if he is in a hurry I hold ahead of him what appears to me six feet; If I cannot distinguish his color I hold further ahead. These shots I am more certain of than when I can see the eye. When I can distinguish the eye and color of bill I pull trigger just as my gun moves past the head. Now, this kind of business will not do for everybody, as the eyesight of each is not alike. I may see colors at 75 yards, while another cannot see them at 50.

The vast improvement made in the breech-loaders in the last two years increases the range and penetration, and enables a sportsman to kill ducks with a good gun at 100 yards, with even more certainty than at 25 heretofore. I do not speak of one gun. I use a great many; and we have guns made in America that can out-shoot Greener's *Field* trial gun, and some will stand as many drams of powder. Mr. Dittmar has just illustrated this point.

In quail and snipe shooting a sportsman can shoot away all his life time holding on his bird, make good bags and swear that it is not necessary to hold ahead. In snipe shooting I advise to hold above, as they nearly always rise, excepting in cross shots, when it is necessary to allow a margin for shot to travel. I cannot conceive of any diagrams or figures necessary to illustrate these well known facts. Go find it out; take your stand along the bay coast, secrete yourself in a blind, and the time will come when ducks are passing inside 100 yards by the hundred an hour; when your gun gets so hot that it burns your fingers, in that situation anyone will soon learn the necessity of holding ahead. I know of no better way of converting a brother sportsman than to have shots at five hundred ducks and not get any. ALMO.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am a constant reader of your invaluable paper, and much amused at the controversies it contains—"hold ahead!" no "hold right on," etc. Now, an old duck hunter told me "Give a malard about 2 feet and a teel duck about 3½ feet; that is hold this distance ahead; the same for quail and chickens when crossing at say 25 yards." I found it worked well, and when I held right on and kept my gun moving I almost invariably missed. I have shot (before a witness) 24 out of 25 quails in open field and cover and cornfields, as I chanced to find them, and there was no *holding on* at cross birds, or I could not have done it.

I was not at all astonished to read how Mr. Green did such fine shooting with Nos. 16 and 20 bore guns. My father was a great hunter, and he shot a Joe Manton, 16 bore, and had three French guns, 16, 18 and 22 bores. I would put in the 16 and 18 bore, French guns, 1½ drachms common powder and ¾ ounce No. 6 shot, and take down a squirrel or pigeon out of the highest oak trees. My cousin had a fine English gun, bore 12, and it was a chance when he could kill a squirrel unless he was 25 yards off. Father thought nothing of killing pheasants or grouse at 60 yards with his old Joe Manton. As to woodcock shooting I took the 22 bore with one drachm of powder and ½ ounce of shot, and these birds were my game at almost every crack of the gun, in cornfields or in thickets. Always loaded with paper. V. B.

Game Notes from Iowa.

FORT DODGE, IOWA.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Guns are now laid away, cleaned or oiled, or foul, as various opinions suggest, to be resurrected again Sept. 1st, and sport connected with them is resolved into reminiscence or expectation. The snipe season has been fair in this region. The unprecedented drouth, contrary to expectation, proved advantageous, for the grounds being dried up where the birds concentrate, they were compelled to scatter out wherever swamp was attainable, thus affording good dogs and sturdy trampers better sport than occasional spurts of shooting, too rapid for pleasant gunning or successful working of dogs, alternated with long intervals of barren walking. I secured five short hunts, all pretty successful, one of which was narrated in your paper by Abe Dakotah, in his usual felicitous manner. We had a good time indeed, but Abe omitted mention of that curlew which he brought down at a miraculous distance, but which required four subsequent cartridges and a long stern chase from Dash before coming to bag.

The black-breasted plover, known here as prairie pigeons, came earlier than usual, and contributed an agreeable variety to the snipe shooting.

A few covies of quail have survived the terrible week of New Year's—enough, I think, with favorable weather, in a couple of years to produce the usual supply, never very extensive. We are too near the Pole for quail, which are sure to be nearly exterminated just as they promise abundance.

As prairie chickens generally migrate a few hundred miles south to better shelter and more abundant food, they are less injured by inclement weather. I have sometimes known a flock to perish during a protracted, sleety storm, but usually they remove sufficiently far to return to the immediate vicinity where they were hatched out.

Those wintering here are mostly from northern Minnesota or Wisconsin, while ours, as far as I can trace, go to Missouri and Arkansas. In the mornings and evenings of November and March the flocks go and return, flying low but persistently.

In seasons of unusual severity a few sharp-tailed grouse get mixed in with their pinnated brethren; it is at these times we get occasional specimens of the snowy owl, etc. A fair number of breeding birds are here now, but the number of guns awaiting such of their progeny as escape prairie fires, breaking-plows, etc., will leave but little for individuals.

The rural population will have disposed of the lot in quiet, while we will have to await September to hunt the empty fields. I trust our next legislature will contain some sportsmen who would undoubtedly imitate Illinois in advancing the season to Aug. 15 again. This would give us poor fellows in towns an equal show with the grangers, who, moreover, say that they would obey the law themselves. Of course it is very hard for us to watch them, while they can readily detect and fine a resident of a town to whom they generally bear some unaccountable animosity.

I myself was a strong advocate for waiting until September, which, of course, would be better in the end; but I see it is better to educate more gradually, and earnestly would advise changing the date and nothing more in our present law, which otherwise is the best we have yet had. W. L. NICHOLSON.

A Royal Bill of Fare.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—When we make up a party to go to the north woods on a two weeks deer hunt, congeniality of the members is a prominent consideration, and a big string of game to brag of is a minor matter in the end sought. We go to benefit and enjoy ourselves, physically, socially, intellectually and last but not necessarily least, gastronomically. What feature of a hunt does the sportsman enjoy more than when, tired and half famished, he draws up to a bountiful game dinner, superbly cooked, and knows he can take an hour to eat it (as he ought to), while stories, incident and jest flow unrestrained around the jovial throng, a spice to the repast and an aid to digestion.

Among all the good things furnished the CHICAGO FIELD by its hundreds of correspondents, I have yet to see what I now propose to hand you, a sportsman's bill of fare for Sunday dinner, Oct. 27, 1878, to which our party of twelve sat down in the forest, under spacious tents, and discharged their duty with a unanimity and fidelity touching to behold. Gentle reader, wait till you're hungry and then read it.

BILL OF FARE.

Venison Steak. Venison Chops.
Roast Partridge. Baked Venison Heart.
Cold Turkey. Cold Tongue.
Baked Pork and Beans. Pickled Corn Beef.
Mashed Potatoes (early Vermonts). Boiled Sweet Potatoes.
Hot Biscuits. Stewed Tomatoes.
Canned Peaches. Apple Pie.
Tea and Coffee, with white loaf sugar and cream.
Butter Crackers. Silver Drip Syrup.
Sardines with Lemon Sauce.
Chow-chow and Cucumber Pickles.
Peppersauce, Spices, Condiments, etc.
Snow Apples and Northern Spys.

It is proper to add that the enjoyment of the above *menu* was not gained through the excitement of the chase on the day specified, for our party do not hunt upon Sunday, but give our bodies and our dogs the rest upon the Sabbath day which God ordained for all the objects of His creation, and which nature demands. I also take pride in calling your attention to the absence of that element so generally (and yet so mistakenly) considered indispensible to a sportsmen's enjoyment—intoxicating liquors. The leaders of the party were tetotalers and whiskey was ruled out. There may have been one or two private flasks in satchels, but if so they were known to none save the owner. The common whiskey jug "for the crowd" was excluded, and all were the better and happier for it. It makes me hungry whenever I think of that Sunday dinner in camp, yet the week day fare was just as good. The results of the two weeks hunt were, a small string of game but a grand good time, improved health and strength to all, and a gain of eight pounds in flesh by

QUI VIVE.

Migratory Quail.—(*Coturnix vulgaris.*)

PORTLAND, ME.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—I would raise a warning note in regard to this bird and call upon sportsmen not to commit the blunder made in the inconsiderate importation of the domestic sparrows, but ere taking action to fully assure themselves as to whether this quail will prove to them a desirable addition.

In northern New England, New York, Canada East, etc., where we have few game birds not migratory, and of the exceptions the ruffed grouse alone to afford any sport with dogs, the quail will be to sportsmen a most desirable acquisition. But in the more favored regions south and west, where our own superior American partridge, *Ortyx Virginianus*, is ever to be found, it is a grave question whether not only may not the little foreigner prove to be undesirable, but also an unmitigated nuisance.

Par example, rails are very fine little birds by themselves, but I have not infrequently found their presence in numbers a great nuisance to the sportsman while snipe-shooting over dogs.

The European quails are in no single respect more desirable than the American partridges or quails, and in many respects are less desirable, most especially where it may be possible to select either or both. The European quails are inveterate runners before a dog, usually, although like other birds their habits differ under various circumstances, and for sport with dogs do not compare with many of our own field game birds upon which dogs are worked. Nor are they superior for the *cuisine*. Like the sparrows they will probably make no change in habits by being transferred to new homes.

Ever giving much attention to the life history of birds, I raised my feeble voice against the general introduction to this country of the sparrows, with whose habits I had become familiar by observation in Europe and Great Britain. And while there is little danger of quails becoming in any locality a similar nuisance to the sparrows, yet I do believe, as an ornithologist and sportsman, that in very many localities of our great republic their presence would be as undesirable, as desirable in other localities.

To those public spirited gentlemen in New England whose efforts in introducing quails will, I have not the least doubt, prove successful, are due the thanks and encouragement of all sportsmen. But to those blessed with a gentler climate and an abundance of our American partridges (*Ortyx Virginianus*) I would say be content; or at least await a time with patience, until you become *sure* that the little foreigners will prove desirable in your vicinity. EVERETT SMITH.

TAMPICO VIOLATORS OF THE LAW.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Having been well informed that in a town called Tampico, Ill., there has been wilful violation of the Game Laws going on season after season—shooting two weeks before the time appointed, not only at grouse, but also ducks, before they are entitled to the name of flappers—the interest I have always taken in field sports, induces me to ask the favor of having this communication published in your valuable paper, in order that the members of the Sterling Club may see it and perhaps devise some plan to reach the coming evil, before next shooting season, or rather before the 16th of next August. I must say such rascally conduct, if only in justice to other sportsmen who on all occasions strictly adhere to all field rules and regulations, ought to be made an example of to the very letter of the law. Knowing the CHICAGO FIELD has no interest but to expose the Tampico pot hunters, from the fact that its columns are always open to hit the right nail on the head of wrong doers, I know of no other way of reaching them but through the above club, as they shoot through that vicinity. Perhaps it would be well for the Tampico pot hunters to become subscribers to the CHICAGO FIELD and thereby learn to be *sportsmen*. O. S.

[As the new game law provides punishment and the means to effect it, it is to be hoped the sportsmen's clubs and individuals throughout the state will rigidly enforce strict protection to the game. It is their duty to do it, and one which no honorable sportsman can shrink from. A game law is of but little use, no matter how good its provisions, unless enforced.—ED.]

WASHINGTON NOTES.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We are at the dull season, when the only use we can find for our guns are pigeons and glass balls. The former I much prefer for practice, but a short pocket makes me take the latter oftener. When we do use pigeons in this locality we have to take the domesticated animal, and the wild bird is hardly ever seen here, even in the market. Some of our poor shots have made the most wonderful improvement in their shooting by using the glass balls, and have brought themselves up among the front ranks. I am a firm believer in the practice at balls for amateurs, and I think any poor shot, with practice, can bring his shooting up to a high point. On the 15th of this month the Maryland game law allows woodcock to be shot, and I find, on passing through our favorite swamp with the dogs, that our sport bids fair to be very fine. Some of our inveterate shooters have been bragging that they have been killing a dozen or more woodcocks a day for some time, and that they cannot be convicted. That is only too true. Our chief of police is somewhat of a sportsman, and when he can he brings these men up to the scratch. But there are many of them, and though believed to have been shooting, and in many cases searched, no evidence can be found upon them; and the buyers are as careful as the sellers, for when inquiry is made, however carefully put, even as a guest, no birds are forthcoming. JACK SNIPE.

THE MISSOURI VALLEY GUN CLUB.—Mo. Valley, Iowa.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Mo. Valley Gun Club, of this place, held their annual election on May 7, with the following result: J. D. Brown, president; Dr. E. J. Chapman, vice-president; W. C. Ellis, secretary; E. F. James, treasurer—all re-elected—and who compose the executive committee. The club is in a very good condition, and is composed of fifteen active members, and has been the means of doing a great amount of good by its influence in stopping unlawful shooting and a better understanding among sportsmen and others in relation to the protection of game and the duties of sportsmen and lovers of field sports; and here I would appeal to the sportsmen of Iowa and other states to organize themselves into clubs and work for the protection of game and fish and for the elevation of field sports; it matters not if there are only three or four members to start with, organize and go on with the good work the best you can, and others will be found falling into line in due time; the first thing to do is to organize and get a start and then let your good work bear its fruit, which it is sure to do. QUINNEBAUG.

CHESAPEAKE JOTTINGS.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The fervid season is coming on us gradually, and we have shelved gunning—save for bay birds and such like—until Autumn. The rifle items you regularly receive. Passing through Baltimore the week before last, I called at the establishment of Clark & Sneider, and was courteously treated by both senior members of the firm and by the younger Mr. Sneider, who is himself an inventor and a most skillful workman. I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity to ask an explanation of some technical points connected with their wonderfully good gun. It is pleasing to note that by the faithfulness of its construction it has gained a place as seconed to no gun in the world. The firm is a very quiet one—gentlemen who do not resort to the unscrupulous and extraordinary methods resorted to by many.

The fishing season has opened, and some good catches are reported; but I do not consider the fishing at all equal to that afforded by the cool, sparkling lakes of the northland.

R. E. DUCAIGNE.

A NEW CLUB.—Cheyenne, W. T.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—After repeated trials and as many failures to establish a gun club, we have persistently agitated the question until thirty names have been secured and an effective and permanent (we hope) association has been organized, with the election of the following officers: Hon. M. E. Post, president; Capt. James Gilliss, U. S. A., vice-president; F. B. Hurlbut, secretary; A. C. Snyder, treasurer; as well as a board of directors, whose names we omit. If approved of, we shall take great pleasure in making some suggestions in regard to our game, its habits, haunts, field preparations, conveyance, etc., to those of your readers who may be contemplating a summer vacation beyond the great "muddy." We hope to be able to send you our constitution, by-laws and rules, with an addendum, containing territorial game laws, in a short time. WYOMING.

[We shall be pleased to hear from our correspondent as he suggests.—ED.]

THE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—The migratory quail, which were turned loose by the Salisbury Game Club at Lakeville a year ago, have made their reappearance this Spring. The secretary of the club asks the farmers and sportsmen of Litchfield county to keep watch for them and report, so that it may be ascertained over how large a region they spread. They are found generally in stubble fields and meadows; are a trifle smaller than the American quail, and are lighter colored, being marked on the back

very much like the meadow lark, but lacking the dark spots on the breast which the native quail have.—*The Colombian Weekly Register*, New Haven, Conn.

DETROIT NOTES.—Detroit, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Mr. S. H. Ives' new schooner yacht is completed and is just a daisy. It is the largest sailing yacht here, being 54 feet over all, and about 16 feet beam. Mr. E. C. Beach has purchased the steam yacht J. J. Morley, and has presented her to his daughter, Mrs. C. D. Waterman. L. F. Whitman's English setter dog Rattler has been stolen. Since Coin and Rat are both gone Detroit will be badly off for good dogs. HICKORY NUT.

INDISPENSIBLE.—The CHICAGO FIELD has been considerably enlarged and improved. It was always handsomely printed and contained a large amount of reading in everything connected with field and water sports of every description. And now this is considerably added to, making it so complete a *vade mecum* for the sportsmen as to be indispensible.—*Germantown* (Pa.) *Telegraph*.

ABELINE, KANSAS.—A correspondent writes that the prospects the coming season are good, as chickens and quails are very numerous.

A CARNIVAL OF JOY.—Miserable men and women, prostrated with disorders of the liver and kidneys, can have a carnival of joy by using Kidney-Wort, and so restoring lost energy to their vital functions. For lame backs, costiveness and poor digestion, it cures by constitutional effects. For sale by all Druggists.—(Advt).

Natural History.

LETTERS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1876, by Marsh & Co. in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

No 24.--The Wood Ibis.

In a previous number of the *Sportsman* I have given an account of shooting wood ibises, which I now supplement with further remarks upon the habits of these beautiful birds.

I am not aware that the ibises circle about as I have described at particular hours of the day, but I generally saw them so occupied in the forenoon. The habit is constant with them, and quite characteristic. They are often joined by numbers of turkey buzzards—birds that have the same custom. Those familiar with the aerial gyrations of these birds, when, away from their loathsome feasts, they career high over head, will have, by adding to the buzzard's movements the beauty of plumage that the ibises possess, a good idea of the pleasing appearance of the latter. Audubon says that their evolutions are performed when digestion is going on, and continued until they again feel the cravings of hunger. He has so well described their mode of feeding, that I cannot do better than quote his paragraph. "The wood ibis," he says, "feeds entirely upon fish and aquatic reptiles, of which it destroys an enormous quantity, in fact more than it eats; for if they have been killing fish for half an hour, and gorged themselves, they suffer the rest to lie on the water untouched, to become food for alligators, crows, and vultures. To procure its food, the wood ibis walks through shallow, muddy lakes, or bayous, in numbers. As soon as they have discovered a place abounding in fish, they dance, as it were, all through it, until the water becomes thick with the mud stirred from the bottom with their feet. The fishes, on rising to the surface, are instantly struck by the beak of the ibises, and on being deprived of life they turn over and so remain. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, hundreds of fishes, frogs, young alligators, and water-snakes, cover the surface, and the birds greedily swallow them until they are completely gorged, after which they walk to the nearest margins, place themselves in long rows, with their breasts all turned toward the sun, in the manner of pelicans and vultures, and thus remain for an hour or so."

The great abundance of the wood ibis on the Colorado, especially the lower portions of the river, as at Fort Yuma, has not been generally recognized until of late years. It is probably as numerous there as anywhere in the United States, though I have never seen flocks "composed of several thousands," such as Audubon speaks of. Oftenest the numbers together would fall short of an hundred, and single birds were very frequently seen flapping overhead or wading in the shallow pools. But they are like all of their great tribe, gregarious birds, spending most of their time in each other's society. I doubt that any are found on the Colorado higher than Fort Mojave. They probably occur along the greater part of the Gila, but how far up I am unable to say. I have not noticed them in Arizona except on these two rivers. Wherever found in the territory they are permanent residents, as elsewhere in most parts of the United States. In the Eastern province they reach to the Carolinas. They are said to ascend the Mississippi to Ohio; but the swampy tracts and bayous of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, are, with the lagoons of the lower Colorado, their favorite homes. I do not know of them in California, except as along the river just named.

The carriage of the wood ibis is firm and sedate, almost stately; each leg is slowly lifted and planted with deliberate precision, before the other is moved, when the birds walk unsuspicious of danger. I never saw one run rapidly, since on all the occasions when I have been the cause of alarm, the bird took wing directly. It springs powerfully from the ground, bending low to gather strength, and for a little distance flaps hurriedly with dangling legs, as if it was much exertion to lift so heavy a body. But fairly on wing, clear of all obstacles, the flight is firm, strong, and direct, performed with continuously moderately rapid beats of the wing, except when the birds are sailing in circles as above noted. When proceeding in a straight line the feet are stretched horizontally backward, but the head is not drawn closely in upon the breast, as is the case with herons, so that the bird presents what may be called a top heavy appearance, increased by the thick large bill.

The eggs of the wood ibis are like heron's, in being nearly ellipsoidal, but differ from these, as well as from those of the bay ibis, in color, which is uniform dull white, without markings. The shell is rather rough to the touch, with a coating of softish, flaky, calcareous substance. A specimen that I measured was exactly 2¼ inches in length by 1¼ in breadth. Two or three are said to be a nest-complement. According to Audubon the young are entirely dusky gray, with brownish-black wings and bill. The head is at first covered, but becomes partially bare after the first moult. Four years are said to be required for the bird to attain its full plumage, though it may breed at two or three years of age, and is largely white or whitish after the first moult. The head and upper part of the neck of the adult are wholly bare, and of a livid bluish color, tinged with yellowish on the forehead. The bill is yellowish; the legs blue, becoming blackish on the toes, and tinged with yellow on the webs. The female is considerably smaller than the male.

The American Bittern.

BOTAURUS MINOR. (*Gm.*)

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—Portland, Me.—By the interesting article, under the above caption, in a late number of the CHICAGO FIELD, from the pen of our distinguished ornithologist, Dr. Elliott Coues, I learn with some surprise that few are familiar with the habits of this common bird, and even Dr. Coues himself says that although familar with the bird, yet he has "never seen its nest, nor found it where I could suppose it was breeding." As the standard works on ornithology give but little of this bird's life history, and now learning for the first time that its habits are not, as I had hitherto presumed, generally well known, I am tempted to make public some notes from my own humble experience.

I have had very many opportunities, that I improved, of observing the ways of this bird at all seasons of the considerable portion of the year spent by it in the northeastern portion of America, and especially in various localities of New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick and Novia Scotia, frequented by it.

Until within a dozen years quite a number of pairs annually bred at the marshes of Scarboro, Maine, and a few pairs still breed there. These marshes are on the east, from six to ten miles westerly from the city of Portland, which is my home.

Familiar with their haunts and habits, I found two families there so recently as 1877, and leaving them undisturbed until October, I then gathered in seven of them.

I once watched, at every opportunity (which occurred at least once in each week), the arrival and courtship of a pair that bred on a meadow in the town of Madison, New Hampshire. Every morning through the month of May could be heard those curious cries, (never heard by myself except during the Spring) for which the farmers name them "stake-drivers." The cries of but few birds can be expressed or imitated by words, but the syllabels "pump-au-gah" are to my mind the best verbal expression of the bittern's cry that I have seen written. If a stake be placed between wooden buildings and driven into the ground by blows with a wooden mallet, to one standing at a distance, on hearing the shock of each blow immediately followed by its reverberatory echo from the buildings, the sounds will seem a good imitation of the "stake-driver's" cries. So like unto this are these cries at times that I once knew a trout fisherman to drop his rod on the bank of a stream to seek information in regard to the locality from a "stake-driver" that he mistook to be some person building a fence near by.

These cries are sometimes given irregularly with long or short pauses between, and at other times the cries will be repeated regularly, perhaps slowly at first and gradually increasing in rapidity of repetition, after the manner of the whip-poor-will.

Although diurnal in its habits the bird is of a retiring nature, and I have known of many farmers who were perfectly familiar with the cry of the "stake-driver" but knew not whether it emanated from bird, beast or reptile, some expressing the belief that the cry was produced by a peculiar sort of frog, others that it was made by a little bird that always kept secreted in the dense grass, reeds or bushes.

The only cry that I have heard from the bittern in Autumn is a gutteral croak given when alarmed, and this cry resembles that given by various herons under similar circumstances. I except of course the cries or screams of a wounded bird, which are unnatural.

My profession, as civil engineer, located me for two years at Machias, Me., in charge of river improvements, and while there, I watched with great interest the courtship of a pair of bitterns, and the subsequent rearing of a large family of five children. Almost daily from June until late in October, I saw these birds, as they frequented a bit of marsh on the west shore of the "Kowahskitscook," or Machias river, immediately adjoining the portion of the river on which the work was being prosecuted. Their nest was located on the border of a meadow through which the Marshfield stream flows, and was within a mile of the bit of marsh resorted to as feeding place. Here the tide ebbed and flowed, but the water was only brackish, and the little creeks and "pond-holes" of the marsh abounded with little fishes that furnished an inexhaustible supply of food to the bitterns, as also to two families of kingfishers, reared near by, while a pair of ospreys daily procured an easy living from the river. When the five young bitterns could fly they followed their parents in semi-daily trips to this feeding place. After feeding in the morning they would return to the seclusion and shade of the bushes in vicinity of the nest, and about four o'clock p. m., come back and feed until sundown, when all again returned home for the night. After awhile, however, some of them would remain all day on the marsh, especially on cloudy or cool days. But when the weather was very hot they would again seek the shade for the middle portion of the day.

Oftentimes when they came to the marsh at high tide, I would mark them down, and quietly approaching, in my boat, the one most accessible, watch its movements unobserved. When suspicious of danger or slightly alarmed the bittern, if not taking wing at once, will quietly walk away with lowered head to some place near by that affords better concealment, or else will assume an upright position with stern depressed, body and neck nearly perpendicular, and the bill elevated at an angle of forty to fifty degrees from the horizontal. Standing thus, perfectly motionless, its plumage assimilating in color to the surroundings of grasses and brown reeds, the bird so closely resembles a stake as often to deceive a passer by. I once sat in my boat and sketched one standing in this position, within thirty-five yards of me. After waiting some fifteen minutes, I landed and made a detour around the bird in order to observe its first movement, expecting that the head would be turned toward me. But not so, for not the slightest change in position could I observe. Gradually approaching nearer, I really began to be suspicious that my assistant had placed a stuffed bird there for the purpose of deceiving me, but on clapping my hands the bird immediately flew away.

August 28th, I shot three of my pets, and as I expected, found them in very fine condition. The others remained undisturbed until October, frequenting the same locality.

Now right here some one may ask why I killed these birds, and I confess that it was not for sport, for they do not afford it, since they are too easily to be approached and killed. Although wishing to make simultaneous comparison of the plumage, dimensions, etc., of several specimens of different sexes and ages, I had also the more sensual desire to gratify the cravings of the palate.

The bittern is a most desirable addition to the cuisine, and to appreciate this delicacy requires no more cultivated taste than is necessary to appreciate a woodcock, snipe, or Bartramian sandpiper. Probably the popular prejudice against the bittern on account of an obscure vulgar name generally applied to it, as also to various herons, has deterred the majority of writers on the subject from ever tasting its flesh, hence it is traditionally reported worthless as an article of food. Dr. Coues says, in the article above referred to, that "as an article of food itself, the bittern is not a success, notwithstanding eminent authority to the contrary. I have several times seen it brought to the table under favorable culinary circumstances, but in each instance it furnished occasion for a joke at some one's expense, as little relished, apparently, as the meat itself."

There might be allusions or remarks made at the table that would destroy the relish of the daintiest morsel that could be offered, and as Dr. Coues simply says that he has "*seen* it brought to table," but makes no mention of having *eaten* it, I infer that he, too, has been deterred by a prejudice that is indeed difficult to overcome. But if one has a taste for any of the waders, let him try a young bittern in September in good condition, and nicely broiled (underdone) and I feel confident that the verdict will be complimentary to the bird. In the old country the bittern is considered a delicacy, hence one is less surprised to find that in some localities in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick they are so regarded and much sought for.

I well remember an old man looking at the game brought in as the result of a day's shooting in New Brunswick in October, and from among the snipe, golden plover, pectoral sandpipers, redhead, spritgail and dusky ducks, he drew forth a bittern, with the remark, "Ah, you have a marsh-hen, and a fine one, too."

(Bitterns, as well as coots and rails, are quite generally called by the local term, "marsh-hens.")

"What do you mean by a fine one?" I asked.

"It is plump as well as fat, and an unusually heavy bird. You'll find it delicious."

"Do you eat such birds as this?" I then asked.

"Indeed we do, whenever we can get them," exclaimed a bystander, "and would prefer one plump marsh-hen to a brace of ducks."

I quite coincided with him. *De gustibus non disputandum.*

I first saw the nest of a bittern in 1863. While shooting at Scarboro, in the Summer of 1862, upon what is termed the "upper marsh," Mr. Manson Libby, a native resident of that vicinity, saw me kill a bittern, and informed me that it was one of a family bred close by. At that time I was giving especial attention to oology and the nidification of birds, and immediately obtained a promise from Mr. Libby to observe if any bitterns returned to breed there the following Spring, and inform me. This he did, but not until so late in the season that I failed to secure the eggs, which were hatched ere I could avail myself of an opportunity to visit the nest. This nest was of grass, and on the ground near the head of a little meadow communicating with the marsh. I have never known of the nest of a bittern elsewhere than on the ground, and although usually placed in close proximity to suitable feeding grounds, are frequently located among the bushes and small growth to be found at the borders or in the midst of meadows. And although I have not unfrequently found bitterns in covert, both in the breeding season and later, I have never known one to alight on a tree except when wounded. So far as my experience goes I am led to believe that bitterns do not assemble in communities, as do the herons proper, either at breeding season or at any other time.

Audubon stated that he "never had a good opportunity of observing all the habits of this remarkable bird, which in many respects differs from most other herons;" and added that he never heard its love notes, nor found its nest.

Dr. Coues alludes to the vagueness and paucity of the information on the subject that has been given by Wilson, Richardson, Nuttall and others, and says of his own experience, "Although I am tolerably familiar with the bird, I have never seen its nest, nor found it where I could suppose it was breeding."

I cannot but believe that Dr. Coues is entirely right, however, in the statement that "It does not assemble in communities, at any rate of large extent, to breed, and the nest is usually placed on the ground." I would, in this connection, make a comment or suggestion in regard to the quotation from Mr. Samuels, who says, "It breeds in communities, sometimes as many as a dozen pairs nesting within an area of a few rods. The nests are placed on low bushes, or thick tufts of grass, sometimes in low, thickly-wooded trees, and are composed of coarse grasses, twigs, and a few leaves. I know of no other place in New England where these birds breed in such abundance as in the neighborhood of Richardson's lakes, in Maine. There, in some of the tangled, boggy, almost impenetrable swamps, these birds have several heronries, which they have inhabited for years."

I infer that Mr. Samuels must have written those notes of the night herons (*Ardea nycticorax*) since they apply *in every respect* to such birds. The well-known habits of night herons are, (1) that they "breed in communities;" (2) oftentimes "as many as a dozen pairs nesting within the area of a few rods;" (3) their "nests are placed on low bushes, or thickly-wooded trees;" (4) "are composed of coarse grasses, twigs, and leaves;" (5) "these birds (night herons) breed in such abundance in the neighborhood of Richardson's lakes, Maine;" (6) "there these birds have several heronries, which they have inhabited for years."

But night herons resemble in size, habits of feeding, mode of flight, and when immature, or in Summer or Autumn plumage, the general color of plumage of the bitterns.

Per contra, the bitterns (*Botaurus minor*) (1) are not known to breed in colonies, nor (2) so many as a dozen pairs in the same immediate vicinity; (3) their nests are placed on the ground; (4) a comparatively slight affair, composed of grass and reeds, but never (?), or "hardly ever," of twigs; (5) the proportion of bitterns to night herons breeding in the neighborhood of Richardson's lakes, Maine, is probably as one to fifty; (6) there are no known colonies of bitterns nor do they use the same nests for years. "Pues ya en los nidos de antano, no hay pajaros agano."—(*Don Quixote II.*, 74). For all these cogent reasons it would seem that Mr. Samuels' notes in question must, by some accident, have been misapplied.

The night herons are truly nocturnal birds and do not habituually seek food throughout the day, except during the breeding season. But as the sun goes down they may be seen singly, in pairs, or groups, wending their way from the heronries to their favorite feeding resorts. The bitterns are as truly diurnal in their usual habits, feeding by day and resting at night, and as the heron returns in the morning from the marsh to its home among the trees, the bittern sallies forth in quest of food.

At the risk of becoming prolix, I wish to mention one point upon which I differ in opinion from previous writers on the subject, as regards the habits of the bittern. All seem to reiterate that it is "wild, shy and solitary."

In the various localities where I have observed them, and at all seasons, I have ever found it to be a gentle, unwary bird, solitary as regards its secluded habits, but never very wild or shy, being easy of approach even in localities much frequented by sportsmen. I have, when driving across a bare marsh from which the grass had been cut, seen a bittern near by, and, leaving my carriage, quietly walked within forty yards of the bird without disturbing it from feeding, except momentarily. At other times I have marked one down in the long grass and passed very closely thereby without flushing it. After seeing it's enemy, man, in close proximity and in full view, the bird would not resume feeding if paralyzed with fear. And while my observations agree with those of Audubon so far as they go, I draw an entirely different inference from my own experience, as also from the incidents mentioned by him. He has written, "That they are extremely timid I well know, for on several occasions, when I have suddenly come upon them, they have stood still from mere terror, until I have knocked them down with an oar or stick."

To my mind this is evidence, not of paralizing terror, but of

an unsuspicious gentle nature, "so unacquainted with man that their tameness is shocking" to a sportsman, especially in such a case as just related. Again Audubon writes, "I never saw one of them fly farther than thirty or forty yards at a time. When flushed quietly this is often the case, and so tame are they oftentimes as to be repeatedly disturbed without taking longer flights than that. But I remember that at Machias the boys of the village began to shoot in the vicinity of the feeding place of my pets after Sept. 1, and the four remaining bitterns very soon became very wary, so much so as to elude capture by the boys, although still daily frequenting the same feeding place until well into October.

I have merely attempted in this brief article to present such of my personal observations derived from a long familiar acquaintance with the life of the bittern as I think may differ from other observers, or may convey any information to the general reader, and have endeavored to avoid as much as possible any reiteration of much that has been well and truly written on the subject by others in relation to the habits of the bittern, and will refer the reader to the standard works on American ornithology for a description of this bird. I may state, however, that the bittern differs in general habits from the common varieties of herons, in that it neither alights nor nests upon trees, nor associates in colonies, nor repeats it's cries while flying to or from its feeding place. It is diurnal and not nocturnal, prefers fresh meadows to salt marshes, and it is naturally very gentle and unwary.

EVERETT SMITH.

Notes.

The pencil we write with is made of graphite, and the light which enables us to trace letters and words upon the manuscript sheets shines upon us through the window panels cut into their square shape by the diamond of the glazier. A picture of a submarine landscape or rather seascape, hanging in front of the table, reminds us here of the connection between its sea-weeds, the pencil and the diamond, which few may perceive outside of those who look at cause and effect. Graphite is found in the earliest rocks composing the hard crust of our earth, which are designated, in conformity with their structure and position, by many geologists, as primary archæan or crystaline. It differs essentially from its associated minerals by being composed of almost pure carbon, such as we find represented by ordinary charcoal, or, better, the heavy, hard and glittering diamond. Chemistry and close observation of the rocks of our surface, coal fields included, has enabled us to trace accurately step by step the wonderful metamorphoses carbon may pass through, when acted upon by slow heat continued through incalculable periods of time, and taught us to comprehend the origin of the black shining masses we use in warming our homesteads and driving our engines. It is now beyond all question that all coal and its allied minerals owe their origin to the intervention of plants, such as we may see growing now in isolated small patches in peat bogs and moors. Pressure and heat originated by overlying masses of rock material, and their occasionally shifting position, which produce friction on a stupendous scale, and thereby chemical action, converted in the long run heated, rotten, moist and pulpy masses of vegetable matter, into hard and shining coal, in all of its many varieties. All this, however, happened on terra firma, since the relics found in and about coal beds are of purely terrestrial origin, while somewhat different conditions obtained in case of the graphite. There were no continents nor great land masses lifted above the surface of a heated, shallow and universally-covering ocean, when the plants sprang into existence to which this curious material owes its birth. They were sea-weeds. Whenever the waters became sufficiently cooled to admit of their existence they must have flourished in quantities we can hardly conjecture, and traces of their remains must naturally occur where conditions for their preservation favored. To do this it has to be assumed, that large floating beds of them became here and there entombed by loose rock material, which, swept along by waves and currents, accumulated at last to such a thickness that it formed a solid overlying protective cover over these earliest forms of vegetable life in the primeval ocean. Heat from below and above could not fail to change at last such enormous beds of sea-weeds into forms entirely unlike their real and natural aspect; slow combustion produced in connection material chemical changes by driving off all of their original gaseous constituents, and when the miner's blast at Ticonderoga reveals soft shining pockets of graphite, we may excuse his inability to form any conjecture whatever of its true nature and the many alterations which produced in millions of years so great a difference between soft, slimy sea-weeds and the pencil he uses to figure up his wages. By continued metamorphosis it may under exceptionally favorable conditions happen that the purest particles of graphite may unite and combine into the transparent and hard diamond, which though fully analyzed cannot be produced artificially, since its formation depends as much upon great lengths of time as the proper components and suitable surroundings. Diamonds were formerly chiefly obtained in Brazil, and of late in southern Africa, where they are reported to occur in a large deposit of decomposed feldspar, which has under atmospheric exposure crumbled into dust, while in Brazil, according to Capt. Burton, they are generally found in a widely extended stratum of itacolumite, which has its hightest development in the Brazilian province of Diamantino. It is a long step from the ancient sea-weed to the graphite and diamond, yet strangely speaking fully within the contemplation of the mind of man, which may survey from its ideal standpoint these æons of time, as well as the fleeting moments which make up the short life he leads upon earth, with its thousands of entombed relics of long since extinct animal and vegetable forms.

Hardly any two occupations occupy a more common ground than those of the naturalist and the sportsman. They both are correct observers of the facts around them, whether these pertain to the domain of the feathered game and the finny tribe, or the investigations which account for their absence or their abundance. They both are also true lovers of the æsthetic side of nature and deplore any means adopted to infringe upon her pristine beauty, particularly when such reckless proceedings are not even followed by practical benefits from the economical standpoint of view. These latter come under the legitimate consideration of legislative bodies, who even now look with apprehension upon the stupendous and senseless ravages inflicted upon our woodlands, whereby many blooming gardens of wild nature are converted into desolate deserts. The deer has been driven off already from many of its former haunts, or is ruthlessly exterminated for the trifling profits accruing to its slayers from the sale of its hide and carcass. Ere long the many attractions, which rendered North America the ideal of the romancist and poet will pass into their exclusive realms, without even leaving any compensation behind, such as strike the traveler's eye by the aspect of the well cultivated fields of Europe, with its blooming carpets of carefully nursed clover, flax, and lupin. Happy he, who yet lives before the inevitable final destruction of all which charms here, still, the eye of the true lover of scenery, and which he yet may enjoy in many a secluded sylvan retreat. The next generation will view in their place a dry, arid waste, where rain refuses to refresh the parched soil, and reserves its showers for ocean surfaces or the inaccessible and high northern latitudes.

The present aspect of the eastern states is suggestive of this coming change. Their inhabitants move restlessly westward, only to commence anew tho work of destruction, which has now made their former homes an uninhabitable, unproductive desert, and sooner or later the whole continent will be a faithful photograph of the animus of the new settler, who does not wait to accomplish his ends by the means of the axe alone, but avails himself of the devastating agency of fire to hurry the work of destruction. In dry Summers vast conflagrations consume thousands of useful timber trees in many well wooded districts, and their burned, spectral trunks and branches attest years after to the havoc inflicted upon vast districts, without even affording their inhabitants the remotest compensation for the wanton extermination of their green mantle, which formerly attracted many a passing cloud to irrigate their near-by now parched and arid fields. It may be here not out of place to quote from the venerable Lund of Fries, one of the most noble veterans of science, and thereby also, in the nature of things, a warm admirer of the green living adornments of forests and fields.

"A broad of waste land," he comments, "follows gradually in the steps of cultivation. If it expands, its center and its cradle dies, and on the outer borders only do we find green shoots. But it is not impossible, only difficult, for man, without renouncing the advantage of culture itself one day for the reparation of the injury he has inflicted; he is appointed lord of the creation. True it is that thorns and thistles, ill-favored and poisonous plants, well named by botanists *rubbish* plants, mark the path which man has proudly traversed through the earth.

"Before him lay original nature in her wild and sublime beauty, behind him he leaves a desert, a deformed and ruined land. For childish desire of destruction or thoughtless squandering of vegetable treasures have destroyed the character of nature and terrified man himself flies from the arena of his actions, leaving the impoverished earth to barbarous races, or to animals, so long as yet another spot in virgin beauty smiles before him. Here again in selfish pursuit of profit, and consciously or unconsciously following the abominable principle of moral great vileness, which one man has expressed, *apres nous le deluge*, he begins anew the work of destruction. Thus did cultivation driven out leave the east, and perhaps the deserts, formerly robbed of their coverings; like the wild hordes of old over beautiful Greece, thus rolls his conquest with fearful rapidity from east to west through America, and the planter now leaves the already exhausted land, the eastern land becomes infertile through the demolition of forests, to introduce a similar revolution into the Far West. But we see, too, that the nobler races or cultivated men even now raise their warning voices, put their small hand to the mighty work of restoring nature to her strength and fullness, yet in a higher stage than that of *wild* nature; rather dependent upon the law of purpose given by man, arranged according to the plans which are copied from the development of manhood itself."

All this remains indeed at present but a powerless, and for the whole an insignificatly small enterprise; but it preserves the faith of the vocation of man and his power to fulfill it. In future times he will and he must, when he rules, leads and protects nature from the tyrannous slavery to which he now abases her, and in which he can only keep her by restless, giant struggles against the eternally resisting. We see in the grey, cloudy distance of the future a realm of beauty and peace on earth and in nature, but to reach it man must long study her school, and above all free himself from the bonds of egotism.

Live Toads In Solid Rocks.

It is not uncommon to hear of the occasional discovery of live toads in the midst of solid rocks, where, many feet below the surface, they appear to be imprisoned by unaccountable agencies. People in general infer that toads may live there as well as elsewhere, and that their life might be prolonged for ages to come in the same mysterious way as they had lived all along. Toads, however, like all other animals, spring from a germ, which cannot have such ancient date as their novel rocky home, the age of which may often be estimated by millions of years. We cannot reasonably accord such length of time to any living organisms, and suppose that such would possibly survive all isolated from the rest of the continually changing creation, entombed in solid rocks and deprived of food and light. It must either be assumed that the fixed laws of nature have been suspended in their exceptional case, or that they have a charmed life independent of all time and environment. And yet the question remains, how did they get there? They are certainly often found in such curious situations, and the testimony of so many witnesses, who unanimously vouch for the truth of these discoveries, cannot be well set aside. The quarryman blasts the solid rocks, and sees actually, to his no small surprise, a small cavity, which reveals, sheltered within it, the ungainly, living, slimy form of the repulsive batrachian.

It may be thought strange that this curious problem remains up to the present day unsolved, but we must reflect upon the highly accidental nature of such occurrences, which may not happen again for ages in the same places. If we want to arrive at exact conclusions, it would be necessary to station permanently a corps of trained scientific observers at every working quarry or railroad cutting, and ascertain on the spot the circumstances which could have caused the burial and perfect isolation of such toads. Since this is not well feasible, we have to depend alone upon the testimony of men, who no matter how conscientiously inclined, are generally ignorant persons, and therefore incapable of noticing minutely all details pertaining to the location where such discoveries happened. We may here venture to offer a solution to this puzzle, which becomes, perhaps, less confounding when we take into account the longevity of which toads are possessed. Rocks will often develop, many feet below the surface, wide gapes, which are generally due to their uneven settling, when the supporting lower strata give away. This happens either through reduction of the bulk of the latter by pressure from above, or it may arise from percolating subterranean waters, which, by carrying away their solvent portions, reduce their bulk, and at last bring about a collapse. Fractures and fissures then result from it, which latter often remain open for years, while in other instances they close soon after the disturbance is ended. While still open they serve as natural traps for many animals, toads included, which are apt to tumble into them in their wanderings, and fall into depths from which they cannot extricate themselves, and remain thus permanently imprisoned in places where they would be least looked for. Most animals soon perish, but toads are possessed of a remarkable tenacity of life and may survive in their artificial confinement for many years, even if deprived of the usual requisite amount of air and food. The imprisoned animal becomes gradually accustomed to the change, even when its new house becomes gradually narrowed in from day to day, or is finally shut off entirely from the outer world. This is completed either by the gradual adjustment of the strata, or by cementation, when formed of limestone. Waters trickling through their separate layers, deposit continually fine fibres of materials in solution, which they leave, upon evaporation, behind, and form, thereby, successive coats on the sides of these chasms, until they are at last completely filled. The unexperienced eye is not apt to detect such gradual patching up, the materials of which hardly differ in texture and aspect from the original rock on either side of it, and we cannot wonder that many people, under such circumstances, would be led to insist that the whole overlying and surrounding mass is composed of homogeneous solid rock. The original fissure has become completely obliterated, and all traces of the connection between any still remaining lower cavity and the surface is thereby lost. No trace of it, save a small hollow cavity, with its living occupant, remains, and since it seems as if no disturbance has ever taken place, it is naturally inferred that the animal has in some mysterious way been generated where it is found. It is, however, impossible to alter any of the great laws of nature, and the development of toads from a pre-existing germ cannot form an exception to the universal rule. Their origin and manner of growth is as well known as that of the oak from the acorn, and however surprising these strange environments may seem, it cannot arise by any unnatural interposition. It is to be regretted that assertions alone, but no facts, are forwarded whenever such occurrences take place, while the animal itself is of course destroyed and never preserved as it should be. The rock in which it lived is broken into pieces and no examination of its surrounding strata is ever made. In absence of positive proof, and the impossibility to draw safe conclusions from hap-hazard assertions, we are constrained to accept all stories of this order *cum grano salis*.

Rifle.

Creedmoor Spring Meeting.

FIRST DAY.—The spring meeting of the National Rifle Association, opened at Creedmoor June 3, and was not successful. Neither in the number and enthusiasm of the contestants nor—with a few brilliant exceptions—in the records made can it compare with previous years. The general public was conspicuous by its absence. The first match was open to directors only, but these did not like the the wet, and it was postponed till the fall.

The United States Engineer Corps, stationed at Willett's Point, N. Y., carried off all the honors in the military team competitions. They won the first match that was completed, No. 4, shot for four stated prizes, amounting in value to $146. This was shot off-hand at 200 yards. The scores were:—Company C, United States Engineers, 133; Company B, United States Engineers, 130; Company A, United States Engineers, 130; Company H, Seventh regiment, 127; Company I, Seventh Regiment, 114.

Match No. 11 also fell to the Engineers. It was at 500 yards; "any" position; four prizes, valued at $83. The scores were:—Company C, 106; Company A, 98; Company I, Seventh Regiment, 92; Company A, Fourteenth regiment, 87.

No. 3 was the first team match for civilians and was for three prizes, aggregating $83 in value. It was at 200 yards, off-hand, for any rifle. The winning teams scored as follows:—Empire Rifle Club, 115; New York Rifle Club, 113; "H. Fisher's Team," 111.

No. 13 was for three stated prizes, worth $50; open to teams of four; any rifle, at 600 yards. The team that won first prize was that of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. Their score was 136.

The following is a summary of the individual matches:

No. 2—"Short Range Match," open to all comers; position, standing; any rifle; eight prizes, valued at $98; 32 entries. Scores: C. A. Peake, 31; W. M. Farrow, 31; A. J. Howlett, 30; J. W. Todd, 30; F. H. Holton, 30; J. S. Sumner, 30; A. H. Wickham, 29; F. J. Donaldson, 29. A prize for the lowest complete score was won by Mr. J. A. Hatry, with 20 points.

No. 7—300 yards, all comers, standing, any military rifle, six prizes, aggregating $75; 26 entries. Winners' scores: W. M. Farrow, 28; A. J. Howlett, 27; C. A. Peake, 26; G. L. Morse, 25; A. H. Cobb, 24; E. T. Davis, 22; J. W. Mangam, 21.

No. 6—Subscription, at 200 yards; 39 entries. L. H. Greve, 30; J. L. Paulding, 30; W. J. Underwood, 30; J. L. Price, 29.

No. 9—Subscription, 500 yards. A. McInnes, 32; G. L. Morse, 32.

No. 10—Military subscription, 500 yards; 21 entries. J. W. Mangam, 34; F. J. Rabbeth, 31; J. Turner, 30; J. C. Mallery, 29.

No. 12—Subscription, 500 yards; 21 entries. A. McInnes, 34; W. M. Farrow, 30; E. E. Lewis, 29; F. J. Donaldson, 24.

No. 14—Subscription, 600 yards. W. H. Jackson, 35; E. A. Perry, 32; G. L. Morse, 30; A. McInnes, 29.

SECOND DAY, June 4.—The meeting was brought to a close with two long range competitions. The first of these was the match for the Leech Cup, presented in 1873 by Major Leech to the Amateur Rifle Club, under whose auspices the match was shot. The weather was favorable and the match proved a success. The distances were 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, 15 shots at each, all other rules being similar to those in international contests. There were 21 entries, and Massachusetts came out ahead. The scores are copied exactly from the official score cards, but some error has been made in the 1,000 yards of Mr. Gerrish, or in his total, as the two do not agree. The following is the full record of the shooting:

J. S. Sumner	800—5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—75	
	900—5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4—73	
	1000—4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 5 4—67	—215
J. F. Brown	800—4 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
	900—5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
	1000—3 4 5 3 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 3 5 4 3—64	—210
F. Hyde	800—4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—73	
	900—4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5—71	
	1000—5 5 5 5 0 4 3 5 5 5 4 5 4 5 5—65	—209
N. D. Ward	800—5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5—73	
	900—4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 5—70	
	1000—4 4 3 5 4 5 3 5 5 5 5 2 4 3 5—62	—205
W. M. Farrow	800—5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
	900—5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 5 4—71	
	1000—5 4 3 5 3 4 4 3 4 5 5 5 4 5 2—61	—205
W. Gerrish	800—5 5 5 5 3 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—73	
	900—4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5—71	
	1,000—4 5 5 5 5 2 2 3 4 4 5 5 4 3 2—60	—204
R. H. Keene	800—5 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5—71	
	900—5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 4—72	
	1,000—2 5 4 5 4 4 5 3 4 5 3 5 3 3 5—60	—203
J. M. Dart	800—2 5 5 2 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5—68	
	900—5 5 5 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 2 5 5—69	
	1,000—5 3 2 4 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 2 5—64	—201

	800 Yds.	900 Yds.	1,000 Yds.	Totals.
B. G. Doughty	70	64	62	196
E. A. Perry	72	66	57	195
R. Rathbone	72	68	55	195
I. L. Allen	73	63	57	193
F. J. Rabbeth	71	70	52	193
H. Fisher	58	62	58	188
J. P. Waters	71	62	55	188
G. L. Morse	71	62	52	185
S. T. G. Dudley	68	67	49	184
A. McInnis	67	58	45	170

The subscription match at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, for military rifles, was also shot. The winning scores out of the possible 105 points were: E. A. Leopold, 53; J. C. Mallery, 52; J. W. Mangam, 42, and C. H. Eagle, 38.

THE RIFLE CLUB AND RANGE.—We have just received a copy of "The Rifle Club and Range," by A. H. Weston, published by Harper Bros., New York. It is a work that any one connected with rifle clubs and rifle shooting will find invaluable, although it is more directly addressed to those who do not belong to clubs. It is the expression of the experience of a thoroughly practical rifle-man, who has endeavored, with great success, to put his experience before the public in a way to do the most good. It begins at the beginning and tells how to organize a rifle club and establish an open air range. It so thoroughly explains the proper system of working a club that new clubs cannot well go wrong if influenced by its guidance, and clubs already established can obtain abundant information to correct existing errors and shortcomings and give new life to their organization.

At the end there is a full list of American and a goodly number of foreign rifle associations which alone are interesting to marksmen as indicative of the spread of the brotherhood to the uttermost parts of the world.

We thoroughly recommend it to every marksman and to every rifle association as being to them a necessity which can not well be dispensed with.

BRINTON RANGE.—The attendance at the New Jersey State Rifle Association range, at Brinton, June 7, was the largest attendance of the season. It was the regular match day for prizes offered by the association, embracing a mid-range rifle, a long range telescope and a revolver valued at $25, and several cash prizes. It is shot bi-weekly and generally brings a number of crack military and rifle club marksmen together. The sport opened with the third of a series of competitions for military rifles. A rifle is presented each week to the highest man,

and on the close of the competition a new mid-range rifle (value $80) is to be presented to the shooter having the highest total score. To-day W. A. Mulford was the highest man, but having won a rifle on the first competition the prize fell to the next highest, F. H. Holton. For this match there were forty-four entries. In the association match thirty-nine entered, and the shooting was excellent. Again, Mr. Holton proved the winner, making the handsome score of 46 out of a possible 50. Both matches were shot 200 yards distance, standing position; ten rounds.

THAT IS THE WAY I DO IT.—An amusing incident recently occurred at at the tenth regiment armory rifle range. Some men were at target practice. The captain to a man who misses the bull's-eye, in fact the entire target:

"Stupid! Hand me your gun and watch me; it's the simplest thing in the world."

He shoots—and misses.

"Do you see?" he asks, not at all disconcerted; "that's the way you do! Now!"

Shoots again, and "hits in the same place."

"And that," he remarks coolly, "is the way some others do that I might mention."

Fires again, and hits the mark.

"And that," he remarks proudly, "is the way I do it."—*Albany Argus*.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—At the regular weekly shoot of Geo. H. Thomas Rifle Club the following score was made at 200 yards off-hand, wind steady and strong from 9 o'clock. D. B. Freeman winning supremacy badge with score of 44.

Freeman	4 4 5 5 5 4 5 4 4 4—44
Tyrrell	4 5 4 5 5 5 3 4 4 4—43
Lyman	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 4—42
Chenoweth	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 4—42
Freeman, I. A	4 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 4 5—42
Drury	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
Hobbs	4 5 4 5 4 3 4 4 4 4—41
Borcherdt	4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 5—40

Messrs. Sawyer and Nye, visitors, made excellent scores

CHY.

MARYSVILLE, CAL.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Following are the scores made here May 18, at 200 yards.

Frank Manning	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—64
A. Goldsmid	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 5—62
D. Thom	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 5—62
A. C. Bingham	4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 4 2 5 4 5 4 4—60
O. F. Stone	4 3 4 4 4 5 4 3 3 4 3 5 4 4 4—58
P. George	5 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 3 4 4—58
Thomas Dougall	4 4 4 3 4 3 5 3 4 4 4 4 3 2 5—56
George Holland	3 2 5 3 4 4 4 2 3 3 4 4 4 4 5—54

COLUSAN.

VALLEY FORGE.—The Valley Forge Centennial and Memorial Association intends to have a team contest for Pennsylvania, open to teams of four from any organization in the state, ten rounds per man at 500 yards. It will be held June 19, and is intended as a rallying point from which may spring a state rifle association. As the enterprise is in excellent hands we hope that the military organization of Pennsylvania will gather in numbers and build up a strong association.

ARKANSAS CHAMPIONSHIP.—The match for the state championship between teams from Fort Smith and Little Rock, Ark., resulted in a victory for Fort Smith.

BALLARD RIFLE MATCH.—The second competition for the Ballard rifle at Creedmoor resulted in the victory of Mr. F. Alder, with 62 out of 75.

Trap Shooting.

Supplement to the St. Louis Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The following are the scores of three shoots held at Rinken Grove, St. Louis, for the special prizes donated by the merchants of St. Louis, to the managers of the late tournament to be shot for by those who shot in any match at the late tournament.

Shoot No 1, at 21 yards rise, 10 single birds.

Brown	10111 11111—9	Carson	00010 01111—5
Furguson	00111 11011—7	Edgar	11110 11110—8
McMannus	11111 10011—8	Carr	11111 01111—9
Wilson	01111 11011—8	Albright	10100 10110—5
Cuthburt	01010 11010—5	Mack	10101 11111—8
Tucker	01101 11111—8	Hasfurther	11110 11111—9
Morton	11111 11110—9	Lucas	10101 11111—8
Pierce	11111 01011—8	Hayden	11111 11110—9
Dozier	11011 11100—7	Card	11110 10111—8
Carter	11110 11101—8	Christie	10101 10011—6
Judy	11111 10111—9	Henry	11111 10011—8
Root	11011 10110—7	Williams	11011 00011—6
Marks	11001 11011—7	Sedam	11111 01111—9
West	11101 01101—7		

Ties on 9, 5 birds, 26 yards; three birds, 31 yards.

Brown	01111	011	011	110
Morton	01110	011	100	
Judy	11111	111		
Carr	01111	011	100	
Hasfurther	11111	110		
Hayden	11011	110	110	100
Sedam	01111	101	101	111

Judy wins first prize, silver and gold hunting cup, presented by Bowman. Hasfurther wins second prize, set knives, forks and spoons, by A. F. Shapleigh & Co. Sedam wins third prize, gold sleeve buttons, by R. C. Pate. Brown fourth prize, box cigars, by Gonzalles.

Ties on 8.

McMannus	11111 011	Edgar	11110 00
Wilson	11111 010 111	Mack	0
Tucker	100	Lucas	11011 0
Pierce	11110 111	Card	01110
Carter	11100	Henry	11111 010 101

Pierce wins first prize, fly rod, by C. & W. McClean. McMannus wins second prize, keg powder, by Laflin & Rand. Wilson wins third prize silver card stand, by J. P. Capelle & Son. Henry wins fourth prize, silk umbrella, by W. Barr & Co.

Ties on 7.

Furguson	11001 100	Mack	01000
Dozier	10101 110	West	00111 010
Root	01100		

Dozier won first prize, ivory handle whip, by H. A. Hamill. Furguson won second prize, silver cake basket, by Simmonds Hardware Co. Root won third prize, rubber boots, by Goodyear Rubber Co. West fourth prize, 500 St. Louis shells, by St. Louis Shell Co.

Shoot No. 2.—Ten single birds; 21 yards rise.

Morton	11110 11110—8	Henry	11011 11111—9
Hasfurther	11101 11111—9	Mack	11111 10111—9
Hayden	11111 11101—9	Wilson	11111 10111—9
Kountz	11010 10011—6	Edgar	11111 11001—8
Judy	11111 11111—10	Marks	11111 10011—8
Tucker	11101 10111—8	Albright	10111 10100—6
Dozier	01111 10111—8	Lucas	11010 11111—8
Card	11101 11101—8	Carr	01111 01010—6
Carter	01111 11111—9	Williams	11111 00100—6
Carson	11111 11110—9	Pierce	11111 0111 —9
Root	01111 11111—9	Sedam	01110 10011—6
West	11001 11111—8	Blanks	10100 00100—3
McMannus	01111 11111—9	Brown	11001 11110—7
Cuthbert	11111 11111—10	Christie	01000 10110—4

Ties on 10; 5 birds; 26 yards—31 yards; class 1.

Judy chooses 1st prize, silver pitcher, presented by M. Jaccard & Co.; Cuthbert chooses 2d prize, 600 St. L. shells, by St. Louis Shell Co.

Ties on 9; 5 birds.

Hasfurther	01111—4	McManus	11001—3
Hayden	10011—3	Henry	11111—5
Carter	000w	Mack	10000—1
Carson	11011—4	Wilson	11011—4
Root	11100—3	Pierce	11011—4

Second ties on 9.

Hasfurther	110—2	Carson	110—2
Wilson	100—1	Pierce	111—3

Henry wins 1st prize, gun case, by Brown & Hilder; Pierce, 2d prize, silver spoon holder, by W.C. Defreiz; Hasfurther, 3d prize, keg powder, by Hazzard & Co.; Carson, 4th prize, glass ball trap, by W.A. Albright.

Ties on 8; 5 birds; 26 yards; class 3.

Morton	10100—2	West	01011—3
Tucker	11000—2	Edgar	11101—4
Dozier	11100—3	Marks	11100—3
Card	10010—2	Lucas	00111—3

Second ties on 8; 31 yards.

Dozier	000—0	West	101—2
Marks	110—2	Lucas	111—3

Edgar, 1st prize, keg powder, by Chamberlain & Co.; Lucas, 2d prize, hat, by Hart the Hatter; Marks, 3d prize, tandum whip, by Van Blarcomb; West, 4th prize, 500 St. L. shells, by St. Louis Shell Co.

Shoot No. 3, four birds, 31 yards rise.

Brown	1001—2	Judy	1110—3
Dozier	0000—0	Wilson	0101—2
West	0000—0	Edgar	1010—2
Carson	0100—1	Williams	0010—1
Morton	1011—3	Mack	1101—3
Kountz	0101—2	Root	0101—2
Tucker	1110—3	Marks	1111—4
Card	1111—4	Carter	1100—2
Hayden	0100—1	Carr	0011—2
Hasfurther	1011—3	Pierce	1011—3
Henry	1100—2	Sedam	1111—4
McMannus	1111—4	Blank	0001—1
Albright	0000—0	Christie	0001—1
Cuthbert	1011—3	Lucas	0001—1

Ties on 4, 2 birds, 31 yards.

Sedam	10 11	McMannus	01 10
Marks	10 00	Card	00

Sedam won first prize, suit of clothes, by Humphreys & Co.; McMannus won second prize, 400 St. Louis shells, by St. Louis Shell Co.; Marks won third prize, hat, by Jno. Loden.

Ties on 3.

Morton	11 11	Judy	10
Tucker	0	Mack	0
Hasfurther	10	Pierce	11 10
Cuthbert	10		

Morton won first prize, suit clothes, by Star Clothing House; Pierce won second prize, silk umbrella, by Lewis & Groshon; Hasfurther, Cuthbert and Judy divided third prize, box candy, by Blank Bros.

Ties on 2.

Brown	0	Root	0
Kountz	0	Carter	11
Henry	10	Carr	11
Wilson	10	Pierce	10
Edgar	11		

Edgar won first prize, four blade hunting knife, by Case; Carter won box dog biscuits, by Dozier, Will & Co.; Carr won hunting hat by Steinburg.

T. S. S.

Augusta vs. Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A few weeks ago, while the regatta was in prospect, some gentlemen of Augusta, Ga., who had acquired considerable fame in their districts in shooting glass balls, let it be known here that as they would be down to the races, they would like to meet the Charleston marksmen over a trap or two for the fun of the thing. Although we had some fair shots at birds, glass ball shooting had not been practiced to any great extent. However, a club was formed of about twenty members, and the time being very short, three scoring matches only could be held, and the Charleston team was made up from the best average on these three matches. The Augusta team of nine members reached our city on the evening of the 29th, and, the preliminaries having been quickly arranged to the mutual satisfaction of the parties, the teams met yesterday at Cool Blow Gardens for the match. Two traps used were—one Bogardus and one Rotary—each member of the team taking ten shots from each trap. The betting was two and three to one on Augusta against Charleston, and these odds seemed fully justified by the previous fine scores of the Augusta men. The shooting began at 3:15 p. m., and the result was as follows:

Augusta.

E. M. Habersham	00101 01001 10101 11011—11
J. N. Jackson	01111 10111 11110 11010—15
T. C. Dortic	10100 11111 11001 11101—14
W. H. Rodgers	10101 01011 10100 11000—10
W. H. Jones	01110 01101 10011 01101—12
Zizirria	01110 00110 10111 10011—12
C. R. Stone	00110 10001 00110 11101—10
B. D. Jones	01010 11111 11001 11101—14
A. M. Benson	01011 01011 11000 11111—13
Grand total	111

Charleston.

Dr. Lanneau	01101 11010 01110 11011—13
Tudor Hall	11011 01111 11011 11100—15
Dr. E. E. Jenkins	10111 10101 11110 11110—15
W. R. Whilden	01111 01111 11101 01110—15
Chas M. Barnwell	10111 10110 00111 01010—12
E. B. Hume	10100 01011 10111 00011—11
Dr. W. H. Tarrant	10100 11101 11011 11111—15
W. J. Whaley	11110 11001 01111 11101—15
W. L. Culp	01111 10101 11111 01111—16
Grand total	127

Then victory was quite a surprise to the Charleston club, and was creditable to the short practice they had. Both teams, however, have done infinitely better on practice than they did on the trial. A scrub match between the clubs was shot by the Charleston men who were not on the first team, and resulted as follows, ten shots allowed to each man:

Augusta.		Charleston.	
T. C. Dortic	8	Paul H. Lyhah	9
W. H. Jones	5	S. G. Trenholm	10
—— Zizirra	6	Errington Hume	6
B. D. Jones	4	J. Ancrum Simons	5
A. M. Benson	3	—— Bissell	4
Total	26	Total	34

The glass balls used were feather filled balls and all were *corked* to prevent mistakes. The Charleston club have effected a permanent organization, and next time will show you a better score. Its membership is full to the limit, and committees have been appointed on birds, dogs, enforcement of game laws, etc. If it accomplishes half of what it proposes, it will be a blessing to the sporting fraternity in this part of the world, where game of all kinds is plentiful and can be kept so by a little effort to see the laws enforced. Our club is known as the "Charleston Sportsman's Club."

ECHO.

The Forrester, Queen City and Buffalo Gun Clubs.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The Forrester, Audubon, Queen City and Buffalo Gun Clubs were well represented at the shooting park of Byron M. Shultz, Buffalo Plains, on the 30th ult., and much interest was taken in the sport, not only by the shooters themselves but by the many spectators, among which was a fair sprinkling of ladies.

The sport commenced with a sweepstake, free for all, five birds 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. I enclose the entries and score.

Charles Gerber, Jr.	11111—5	Philip Meyers	10010—2
George R. Vine	10111—4	Peter Heinz	01111—4
Alderman Collins	11101—4	Wm. Steward	11111—5
Capt. Ben Hammond	01011—3	Gus Fleischman	00010—1
Barker Tolsma	01011—3	George H. Van Vleck	01101—3
George W. Smith	11110—4	C. G. Strong	11001—3
Arthur Coombs	11100—3	J. G. Gibbons	00101—2
Dr. F. C. Longnecker	11111—5	Jacob Beier, Jr	11111—5
Philip Volz	11110—4	Jacob P. Fisher	01111—4
Ed. Kener	10100—2	Robert Ward	11010—3
Ed. Vaughn	11101—4		

Ties of five were then shot off at 26 yards.

Charles Gerber, Jr	110—2	William Steward	111—3
Dr. Longnecker	10w—1	Jacob Beier, Jr	0w—0

Mr. Steward of the Queen Citys took the first money.

Ties of four—26 yards, three birds.

Geo. R. Vine	111—3	Ed. Vaughn	111—3
Alderman Collins	111—3	Peter Heinz	101—2
George W. Smith	ow—0	Jacob P. Fisher	101—2
Philip Volz	111—3		

Again, 31 yards—three birds.

Geo. R. Vaine	101—2	Philip Volz	100—1
Alderman Collins	110—2	Ed. Vaughn	010—1

Messrs. Vine and Collins of the Audubons divided second money.

Capt. Ben Hammond of the Buffalo Gun Club carried away the third money, after which there was another shoot—sweepstake—same conditions, in which Mr. Strong, of the Buffalo Gun Club, took first money, the second and third being divided by a dozen, on account of the scarcity of birds.

H. L. S.

Decoration Day at Canton Ohio.

CANTON, OHIO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—A glass ball shoot came off in Canton, Ohio, Decoration Day; Bogardus rules, and traps, placed ten yards apart, with a strong wind blowing, which no doubt affected the score of some of our best shots.

First match 15 balls each.

R. B. Morgan	11111 11101 11111—14
C. M. Miller	11011 11111 11010—12
Jos. Hahn	11111 01001 00111—10
Mart Hogan	00000 11111 00001— 6
W. B. Donds	11111 11110 10111—13
Lewis Dilley	01110 00010 01100— 6
W. M. Betz	01001 10000 00010— 4
George Morgan	11111 11111 10110—13
Geo. Copp	10000 01011 11111— 8
Frank Smith	11010 11011 01111—11
O. Miller	10111 01111 01011—11
Dud. Reed	10101 11111 11111—13

Shoot No 2, between G. E. & R. B. Morgan, 10 balls 21 yards rise.

G. E. Morgan	11111 11110— 9	R. B. Morgan	11111 11111—10

Match No. 3—R. B. Morgan and Dud Reed versus G. E. Morgan and Jos. Hahn, 18 yards rise.

R. B. Morgan	11111 11111—10	G. E. Morgan	11111 11111—10
D. Reed	01111 11111— 9	Hahn	00111 11101— 7
Total	19	Total	17

R. B. Morgan and Reed won by two balls.

This closed a very pleasant shoot.

CANTON.

Audubon vs. Queen Citys.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The postponed match shoot between George W. Smith, of the Queen City Sportsmen's Club and Jacob Beier, Jr., of the Audubon Club, took place on the 23d ult. at Buffalo Plains, in the presence of a large number of sportsmen and others. As in last week's shoot, a member of the Queen Citys proved the victor. Twenty singles each were shot at by the contestants, from ground traps, at 21 yards rise. The following is the

SCORE.

G. W. Smith	11111 10111 11111 11111—20
Jacob Beier	10011 01111 11000 11111—14

After this a sweepstakes was in order, resulting in the following score:

C. J. Heinold	10001—2	Jas. H. Jewett	11101—4
Chas. Gerber, Jr	11111—5	Peter Heinz	01111—4
Geo. Stauber	00100—1	Arthur Coombs	10101—3
Geo. W. Smith	11111—5	Jacob Beier, Jr	11101—4
Philip Meyer	11100—3	B. M. Schultz	11111—5
Louis Netcher	10111—4	Ed. Vaughn	11110—4

On ties of five Mr. Gerber won and took first money, $6. On ties of four Mr. J. Beier won and took second money, $3.60. Third money, $2.40, was divided between Messrs. Coombs and Meyer.

The several successive defeats, both in club and individual shoots, sustained by the Audubons at the hands of their junior rivals, has awakened them to the importance of the situation, and stimulated them with new efforts to retain their well-earned reputation, and many sharp contests may be looked for before the season comes to a close. The club has much excellent material at its command, and it will undoubtedly be brought forward to defend its claims against any and all comers.

H. L. S.

Trap at Milwaukee.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—On May 27th the Kinnickinnick Gun Club had a very enjoyable pigeon shoot at their grounds at the South Side Driving Park. The match was for a handsome gold badge belonging to the club, its final ownership will fall to the member winning it the greatest number of times during the year. The day was fine, birds lively, and members in the best of spirits. Following is the score, 21 yards rise, H. & T. pluhge traps, 80 yards boundary.

S. Murray	110*1 111*0—6	Geo. Knowles	010*0 *1100—3
J. C. Welles	11101 11111—9	M. McElroy	10101 110**—5
H. T. Drake	11110 11111—9	L. Durr	10011 11111—8
S. J. Williams	01*10 1*1*1—5	Geo. W. Peck	11110 11111—9
O. W. Robertson	1010* *1101—5	A. C. Jones	11000 11111—7
M. Carpenter	00101 1*10*—4	W. A. Van Brunt	11111 11111-10

* Dead out of bounds.

Mr. Van Brunt was a guest of the club and not a member, so his score did not count for the badge. Mr. Welles, Drake and Peck shot off their tie as follows, 31 yards.

Welles	001—1	Peck	011—2
Drake	101—2		

Second tie, 36 yards.

Drake	1*0—1	Peck	011—2

Peck took the trophy for the time, and he bore off the honor modestly, saying it was all either pure luck or a great mistake, as he never could kill much else than powder with his bell-muzzled Parker, any way. But I think Mr. Peck's luck owing to his having paid strict attention to what he was doing, and shot well accordingly, while joking and indifference prevailed with the other members. The badge so far this season has been held once each by Welles and Murray.

BLUE JAY.

Glass Ball Championship.

At Abe Kleinman's ground, at Grand Crossing, took place the contest for the Bogardus Glass-ball Championship medal. The terms were 100 glass-balls, Bogardus' traps and rules, $10 entrance. Medal and one-third entrance to first, remainder 50, 30, and 20 per cent to next three.

SCORE.

C. G. Jewett	11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111 11101 11111 11111 11111 01111 11111 10111 11111 11011 10111 01111 10111 10111 11111 11101—93.
George Buzzard	01110 11101 01111 11001 10110 11110 11111 11111 01111 11011 11110 11110 11011 11111 11111 10111 01111 11011 11111 11111—83.
Abe Kleinman	10111 10111 11111 10111 11110 11011 11111 10010 11110 11110 11101 11010 11100 11110 11111 11101 11011 11110 11111 11111—81.
J. E. Graham	11011 10101 01101 11011 11111 11110 10111 11111 11101 10100 11010 11111 11111 11111 11111 11001 11111 11101 11111 00011—80.
Canfield	11111 11110 11001 10111 00001 11101 00011 11011 10100 11101 11100 11111 10011 10111 01010 11011 10110 11101 01011 11111—69.
H. Ehlers	11111 01111 01011 10010 01011 11011 00101 01101 00110 11110 01111 11011 00011 10100 01111 10111 10111 11111 11110 00101—67.

Austin Gun Club Medal Match at Glass Balls.

Warner	11101 10111—8	Bassett	11111 11101—9
Blackman	01010 11010—5	Brumby	10011 01111—7
Turrell	11110 11101—8	Freeman	11000 01010—4
Buzzell	11110 11111—9	Demorest	01110 11101—7
Canfield	11111 11111—10	Talcott	11011 11110—8
Ballou	11011 11111—9	Murphy	10001 10110—5

Pigeon shoot—sweepstakes.

Canfield	11110 10111—8	Demorest	10011 01101—6
Lissenden	00110 11101—6	Bassett	01100 00001—3
Brumby	00000 10101—3	Myers	11000 11111—7
Freeman	11111 11000—7	Davis	00010 10010—3
Talcott	00001 10010—3	Dale	10001 10010—4
Blackman	11010 01000—4	Kellogg	01110 11010—6
Warner	01010 11110—6		

AUDUBON CLUB.—The Audubon Club shot for the Diamond medal, held by Mr. E. C. Felton, at Dexter Park. Conditions 15 single rises, ground traps, Hurlingham rules.

SCORE.

J. Kleinman	11111 01111 11011—13
A. Price	11011 01101 11001—10
E. Price	11001 11010 11110—10
E. C. Felton	10010 01111 10011— 9
W. Foss	10111 01111 01000— 9
H. Silsby	01010 01110 11001— 8
Charles Kern	00011 01101 01011— 8
T. Hasdell	00010 00111 01101— 7
C. Morris	01110 00101 10100— 7
N. C. Hinsdale	11000 00011 10101— 7
J. Gore	00110 11001 10000— 7
T. Stagg	10100 10110 00100— 6
J. Snyder	00100 01000 10101— 5
S. H. Turrill	10001 00101 10000— 5
F. Taylor	00010 01001 10000— 4

This was followed by sweepstake shooting till dark.

THE PAINE FEATHER FILLED BALLS.—New York.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The sales of Paine's Feather-Filled Glass Ball for the month of March were over two hundred and seventy-three thousand, with *increasing* orders for the present month. Send for price list.

P. S.—For Sale.—One pair improved Steel Pincers for breaking the necks of the Rough Ball.—BOHEMIAN GLASS WORKS, 214 Pearl Street, New York.—(Advt. 4t.)

WILD PIGEONS for sale, a limited number; price $2.50 per doz. on cars here. No shipments made to strangers without part cash accompanies the order. Two and a half per cent. discount in price on all orders accompanied by the money. E. T. MARTIN, 79 Clark St., Chicago.—(Advt.)

FOR SALE.—One J. D. Dougall breech-loading shot-gun, 8¼ lbs., solid black leather case, German silver, implements complete, new. Sold because the owner has other guns. Cost, $475; price $360.—JOSEPH BUTLER, Gun maker, 152 Dearborn St.—Advt.

The Horse.

Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club.

ENTRIES TO PURSES OF SPECIAL MEETING JULY 4, 1879, FOR TROTTING COLTS AND FILLIES AND 2:20 CLASS.

Purse, $1,000 for three-year-olds; $500 to first, $250 to second, $150 to third, and $100 to fourth.

1. James Wilson, Rushville, Ind., br c Western Sportsman, by Blue Bull, dam by Jim Lang.
2. J. W. Ford, Chicago, Ill., ch c Ramie, by Blue Bull, dam by Mambrino Pilot.
Geo. F. Stevens, Ilion, N. Y., br f Admiration, by Administrator, dam (the dam of Proteine) by Mambrino Choirister. Paid forfeit.
J. N. Williams, Jr., Frankfort, Ky., b f Verbena, by Hero of Thorndale, dam (Aldine's dam) by Toronto. Paid forfeit.
Samp Wilson, Rushville, Ind., c f Sallie B. by Blue Bull, dam by Pocahontas Boy. Paid forfeit.
R. S. Strader, Lexington, Ky., b f Memento, by Administrator, dam by Alexander's Abdallah. Paid forfeit.
Frank Warfield, Muscatine, Iowa, ch c Trump, by Tramp, dam by McGrew's Morgan. Paid forfeit.
Frank Van Ness, Chicago, Ill., br c H. V. Bemis, by Sir Richard, dam a Morgan mare. Paid forfeit.

Purse, $1,250, for 5-year-olds and under: $625 to first, $315 to second, $185 to third, $125 to fourth, (Maud S. barred.)

1. H. M. Bowman, Harrodsburg, Ky., b f So-So, 4 yrs., by Geo. Wilkes, dam by Alexander's Edwin Forrest.
2. Gilbert Adams, Frankville, Wis., gr m Jennie C., 5 yrs., by Blue Bull.
3. Samp Wilson, Rushville, Ind., b m Effie G., 5 yrs., by Blue Bull.
4. James Wilson, Rushville, Ind., b m Lulu K., 5 yrs., by Blue Bull, dam by Davy Crockett.
5. Samuel Keys, Pittsburg, Pa., b g Wiry Jim, 5 yrs., by Kentucky Prince, dam a Denmark mare.
6. Geo. B. Hayes, Sterling, Ill., b s Capoul, 5 yrs., by Sentinel, dam by American Clay.
7. Budd Doble, Chicago, Ill., b g Donald, 5 yrs., by Dictator, dam the dam of Rosalind.
8. A. C. Fisk, Coldwater, Mich., b g Buffalo Bill, by Hambletonian Star, dam by Anthony Wayne.
9. E. H. Broadhead, Milwaukee, Wis., b s Kentucky Wilkes, 5 yrs., by Geo. Wilkes, dam by Red Jacket.
10. Andy McDowell, Bay City, Mich., b g Tom Walton, 5 yrs., by Cadie's Champion, dam said to be thoroughbred.
George Higbie, Canton, Ill., r m Lida Lewis, 5 yrs., by Sentinel, dam Jo by Toronto. Paid forfeit.
A. J. McKimmin, Nashville, Tenn., b f Idolwood, 4 yrs., by Blackwood Jr., dam by Peck's Idol. Paid forfeit.
Higbie & Babcock, Canton, Ill., br m Kate Sprague, 5 yrs., by Gov. Sprague, dam by Lance. Paid forfeit.

2:20 Class.—Purse $1,500; $750 to first, $375 to second, $225 to third, and $150 to fourth.

1. R. J. Wilson, Rushville, Ind., g m Ethel, by Blue Bull, dam by Tom Crowder.
2. James Wilson, Rushville, Ind., ch m Elsie Good, by Blue Bull, dam by Alexander's Abdallah.
3. Budd Doble, Chicago, Ill., br m Clementine.
4. Budd Doble, Chicago, Ill., c m Chicago Maid, by Holmes' horse, dam by Price's Hambletonian.
5. W. H. Wilson, Cynthiana, Ky., c g Mazomanie.
6. A. Carlile, Pittsburg, Pa., b g Lew Scott, by Scott's Hiatoga.
7. Frank Van Ness, Chicago, Ill., b s Bonesetter, by Brook's horse.
8. A. J. McKimmin, Nashville, Tenn., b s Scott's Thomas, by Gen. Thomas.
R. S. Strader, Lexington, Ky., b m Orange Girl, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Dolly Mills, by American Star. Paid forfeit.
Higbie Bros., Canton, Ill., b g Little Fred. Paid forfeit.
Thos. Simmons, New York, b g Kansas Chief. Paid forfeit.

My Horse "Sultan."

BY MISS MEDORA CLARK.

He was the parting gift of one I loved.
One half the blood within his veins that moved
Was warm and glowing where Arabic sun
Had shone upon his ancestors, and one,
The stronger half and calmer, came to him
Thro' Norman mothers, with their strength of limb,
Their width of chest and loving, lustrous eyes,
Wide, soft and tender, like those Norman skies.
I never gave to man a love so strong;
For woman not one friendship lived so long;
No joy so great has ever come to me
With mimic, eloquence or poetry,
As when in saddle to his graceful tread
I skimmed the plains or thro' the valleys sped.
He had a rare intelligence, and
Each word I spoke to him, and soon he grew
To greet my coming with a gladful neigh,
And part from me with saddened eyes. Each day
His strong affection dwelt within my heart,
Until the hand of Death forced us apart.
I watched the lustre in his eyes fade out;
Sad hour! But he'd no fear of death, no doubt,
If he had no immortal soul, no part
To live beyond the beating of his heart,
No spirit in the great Forevermore
To know and love as it had loved before;
If he lives not and souls are but for man,
There's something wrong in the "Eternal plan;"
For I am sure no human heart e'er beat
More loyal to its love. I've yet to meet
A human friend so stanch and true and brave,
Or one whose friendship could outlive the grave.
And still the "Sultan" had no soul they say,
No "death-bed penitence," no voice to pray,
In fact, no proper requisite of man
With which eternity's wide bridge to span.
A horse, however human, has no soul;
A man, however depraved, still claims the whole.
Thy memory, Sultan, still is dear to me;
I'll mix it not with blind theology.

Rocky Mountains.

Queen City Jockey Club Spring Meeting.

FIRST DAY.—JUNE 3.

The Spring meeting of the Queen City Jockey Club opened on June 3. The attendance was fair, the threatening rain diminishing the numbers present. The track was heavy owing to the rains of the previous two days.

The sports of the day began with a two-mile dash, free for all ages, for a purse of $200, $50 to the second horse. The starters were: Three-year ch m Molly McGenly, 92 pounds; three-year b f Ella B., 92 pounds; six-year b h Surge, 118 pounds; four-year b h John Harper, 110 pounds; three-year b g Rowdy Boy, 92 pounds; three-year ch f Juniata, 92 pounds; four-year b m Nellie Booker, 107 pounds; four-year g c Grigsby, 110 pounds; six-year b g Just Over, 115 pounds; aged ch s Egypt, 118 pounds; three-year ch c Frank Short, 95 pounds; four-year b m Glendalia, 107 pounds; four-year br c Chas. Bush, 110 pounds; four-year b g Wayfarer, 107 pounds; ch m Bull, 107 pounds; ch f Minnock, 107 pounds.

In the pools Egypt sold at even money against the field.

The start was not a good one. Egypt was way back in the ruck. Minnock took the lead with Juniata, and Grigsby pressing hard at her heels. In this manner they ran until well into the upper turn. Coming down the near stretch, Jack Harper went to the front, and at the half mile he lead by an open length, Grigsby being second, Juniata next and the rest strung out. On the lower turn Egypt was given his head, and by the time the three-quarter pole was reached he had taken third place, with Harper six lengths in the rear. On the upper turn he raced finely with Juniata, and at the head of the homestretch he gave her the go-by, and made a bold dash for the leader, gaining on him inch by inch, but the string was reached too soon, and Harper won by about two lengths in 1:51½. Juniata was a good third.

The second race was the Ohio Derby Stake for three-year olds; $50 entrance, half forfeit., $300 added by the association, of which second horse to have $100; dash one mile and a half.

There were eleven entries and five starters for this stake. The starters were: b c Kenton, 105 lbs., b g Enterprise, 102 lbs., b c Little Planet, 105 lbs., ch c Cash Clay, 105 lbs., ch g Benn Hill, 102 lbs.

They sold in the pools as follows: Benn Hill, $65, Enterprise, $20, Cash Clay, $7, Kenton $6, and Little Planet $5.

They got off at the first effort, Clay in the lead and Kenton next. They kept in this order until one turn of the track had almost been made, when Benn Hill moved up and took second place. Clay was permitted to retain his lead until the mile was made, and then Hill was in front in the back stretch going around the last time. Enterprise made a bold dash for the leader, but the best he could do was to reach third place, Benn Hill winning without trouble by four lengths, Clay being second, Planet fourth and Kenton last. Time 2:54½.

The last race was one of mile heats for all ages, for the Club Purse of $300, of which $50 went to the second horse.

The starters were b g Edwin A., 5 yrs, 112 lbs., b m Ada Lambert, aged, 115 lbs., b m Nellie Booker, 4 yrs., 107 lbs., b g Victim, 3 yrs, 92 lbs., ch f Crosslett, 5 yrs, 112 lbs., blk h Dunkirk, 4 yrs., 110 lbs., b m May Walton, 3 yrs, 92 lbs.

First Heat.—In the pools Dunkirk sold for $40, Mary Walton $21, Edwin $16, Victim $12, Ada Lambert $11, Crosslet $9, Nelly Booker, $10. At the tap of the drum Ada Lambert took the lead, followed closely by Victim, who was in the rear at the quarter, with Mary Walton next. They kept in these relative positions until the three-quarter pole was reached, when they were side by side. On the upper turn Victim drew a little away from her companion and beat her home by a length in 1:53½. Nelly Booker was third.

Second Heat.—In the pools Victim brought $25, Dunkirk $14, and the field $8. Nelly Booker took the lead at the start and kept it until well around the lower turn when Mary Walton took the place of honor. She was never after headed and won the heat in a canter, hands down, in 1:54½; Nellie Booker was second and Dunkirk third.

Third Heat.—Under the rules all were sent to the stables but Victim and Mary Walton. The latter was a prime favorite in the pools, selling at $200 to $22, as Victim showed up very tired after the other heat. Mary made the pace from the tap of the drum, and taking the lead from the start won with ease in 1:50½.

SECOND DAY—JUNE 4.

On the second day the weather was delightful, and the track good. The attendance was large, very many ladies being present.

The first race was a dash of one and a quarter miles, in which there were eleven starters, as follows:—Ell, Cronin, Vergillian, Surge, Nellie Booker, West's chestnut filly, Claudia, Wayfarer, Betty F., Rowdy Boy and Essilah. Just before the race Essilah was selling favorite against the field. At the first attempt they got off with Claudia in the lead, and she was never headed, winning with ease; Ell second and Surge third. Essilah was left at the post, being fully twenty lengths behind, and came in last, Time, 2:17½.

The second race, two mile heats, had six starters. Just before the start pools were sold as follows:—Bill Dillon, $80; Bumblebee, $45; Wheeler, $36; the field (Cash Clay, Tolema and Charley Bush), $20.

First Heat.—The horses all got off at the second attempt, with Dillon in the lead, followed closely by Bumblebee, Cash Clay, Tolema and Wheeler. The first two ran neck and neck until the last half mile, when Charley Bush was let out and forging ahead, won by a length. Cash Clay was second, Bill Dillon third, Wheeler fourth, Bumblebee fifth and Tolema distanced. Time, 3:43½.

Second heat.—Bill Dillon was again the favorite in the pools, selling for $50. to $30 on Wheeler, $30 on Bush and $12 for the field. They all got off at the first effort, with Wheeler in the lead, closely followed by the others. This position was maintained throughout the first mile, when Bush and Dillon worked to the front and Wheeler to the rear. In the last mile Dillon gained first position, followed closely by Bumblebee, who took first place in the homestretch and won by a length and a half, Bill Dillon second, Cash Clay third, Bush fourth and Wheeler distanced. Time, 3:45¼.

Third Heat.—Before the heat the betting was lively. Bumblebee was the favorite, selling at $100 to $25 on Bush, the other horses being ruled out. A good start was made, with Bush in the lead, and he soon opened a gap of twenty lengths, which he held until the last half mile was reached. Bumblebee then rapidly closed in on him, and finally won by a length. Time, 3:48¾.

The third race, dash of three-quarter mile, had the following starters: —Colonel Sprague, Kirk, Hinkston, Parrissa, Annie Love and Buster. Pools sold before averaged—Cottrill's entries, $225; Annie Love, $85; McClellan's entries, $50; field, $80. Annie Love led at the start, with Cottrill's entries second. Coming round the lower turn Annie Love ran into the fence, and Cottrill's two came to the front, running easily and finished—Kirk first, Colonel Sprague second, Hinkston third, Parrissa fourth, with Annie Love and Buster a bad fifth and sixth. Time, 1:23.

THIRD DAY—JUNE 5.

The attendance on the third day was the largest of the week. The weather was pleasant and the track in fine condition.

The first race was a mile dash. The starters were Grigsby, who sold in the pools for $50; Juniata, who brought $17; Glendalia, $28; Enterprise, $16; General Jackson, $16; Crosslet, $10; Just Over, $10. The horses got off at the first attempt, with Glendalia in the lead, Crosslet second and the others close up. Glendalia increased her lead to three lengths during the first half-mile and was never headed. Coming in on the homestretch Enterprise gave her a hard push for first place, but Glendalia won by half a length, Enterprise second and Juniata third. Time, 1:46¼.

The second race was of mile heats. Previous to the start pools were sold as follows: Ben Hill, 80; Miss Hardaway, $60; Buckshot and War Banner in the field, $21.

First heat.—The horses got off at the first attempt with Hardaway in the lead, a position which she held under a strong pull. She increased her lead to two lengths, but on the homestretch Hill followed her closely, and was only beaten by half a length, coming in second; Buckshot was third and War Banner fourth. Time, 1:46.

Second heat.—Hardaway was now the favorite in the pools, selling at $40, Hill $17, and the field $6. The horses got a bad start. Buckshot led, Ben Hill second, War Banner third, and Hardaway far in the rear. Buckshot held his lead until coming in on the lower turn, where he bolted and took to the fence. Ben Hill and Hardaway then had the race to themselves, the former winning by a head. Banner came in third and Buckshot fourth. Time, 1:46½.

Third heat.—In the third heat Ben Hill and Miss Hardaway were the only starters, with the latter selling at $60 and the former at $50. The horses got a good start, Ben Hill taking a lead of a length and kept it for the first half mile, and in the last half the lady dropped back twenty lengths, while Ben won the heat and race almost in a walk. Time, 1:51¼.

The third race was a dash of two miles. Essilah, Ben Dillon, Dunkirk, Tolema, and Frank Short started. They were off at the first attempt, Dunkirk leading, Essilah second, Frank Short third, Tolema fourth, and Dillon last. At the first half-mile pole Essilah was leading and continued to lead to the close, winning easily in 3:39½; Frank Short second, Tolema third, Dunkirk fourth and Dillon a bad fifth.

FOURTH DAY—JUNE 6.

The first race was a mile and a quarter dash. Pools were sold just before the race at $50 on Buckner to $40 for the field, composed of Claudia, Buckshot, Mary Walton, Rowdy Boy and Ida Davis. The horses got off at the second attempt, with Claudia in the lead and Buckner second. At the first quarter Buckner went to the front and held the place of honor by two lengths until coming into the homestretch, when Buckshot came up and challenged the leader, but Buckner was let out and won by a head, Buckshot taking second place and Claudia third. Time, 2:12¼.

The second race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile. In the pools Cottrill's Colonel Sprague and Krik sold for $100, and Joe Warwick, Anna Love and Parissa in the field at $60. At the start Parissa was in the lead and Anna Love far in the rear. Cottrill's entries assumed command at the first quarter and kept it without dispute until the homestretch was reached. There they were hotly pushed by Warwick, but Colonel Sprague kept to the front and won the race by half a length, Warwick second and Krik third. Time, 1:19¾.

The third race was of mile heats. In the pools John Harper sold at $160, Victim, $63; Glendalia, $50; Edwin A., $41; Enterprise $37; Ell, $30; Ada Lambert, $25; Bettie F., $16; Little Planet, $11.

First heat.—After two false starts the drum tapped and away they went, Glendalia leading, but Harper passed her at the first quarter and kept well in front until the end, winning with ease in 1:46, Enterprise a length behind and Victim third. Glendalia, Ada Lambert and Little Planet were distanced.

Second heat.—Harper was again the favorite in the pools, selling well above all the others. Enterprise was second choice. At the start in this heat Edwin A was first, with Harper a close second. Harper gradually gained on Edwin, and at the first quarter was leading, but at the three-quarter pole the positions were again reversed and Edwin was two lengths ahead, Harper falling back to fourth place. At the finish Edwin A. was first, Enterprise second, Bettie F. third, Harper fourth. Time 1:46½.

Third heat.—Edwin A, sold at $100 to $50 for Harper. The heat was one-sided throughout. Edwin A. had a lead of two lengths at the start, which he increased to five, and won easily in 1:51¾.

LAST DAY.—JUNE 7.

The racing on the last day of the Spring meeting of the Queen City Jockey Club at Cincinnati, Ohio, drew together a large attendance. The weather was fine and track in good condition. In the first race, mile heats, three in five, there were eight starters. Belle of Nelson sold for $51, Surge for $50, May Walton, $45; Virgillian, $25; Charlie Bush, $25; Cash Clay, $15; Tolema, $12 and Wheeler $11.

First Heat.—They got off at the third attempt, with Wheeler in the lead, Surge a close second, and the rest not far away. At the first half-mile Surge collared the leader and they raced together around the turn. At the three-quarter pole Virgillian came up with a rush, and assuming command, left the others in the stretch and won easily, Belle of Nelson second and May Walton third. Time, 1:45½.

Second Heat.—Belle Nelson sold in the pools for $50; Virgillian, $31; Surge, $183 and the field $19. They got off at the first trial, with Surge in the lead, Belle Nelson second. Surge maintained the lead until coming in on the homestretch, when Virgillian was let out, and won in 1:45¼. Surge was second and Belle Nelson third. Wheeler was distanced.

Third heat.—Virgillian sold for $100 and the field $27. The start was excellent, May Walton in the lead, closely followed by Virgillian. At the quarter pole Virgillian was sent in front, and kept this satisfactory position to the end, though Surge made a fine effort on the last half and pushed Virgillian to the end, the latter winning by half a length, Surge second and Belle Nelson third. Time, 1:46¼.

The second race was a dash of two and a half miles. Edinburg, Momentum and Minnonk started, with Edinburg favorite in the pools. Momentum took the lead, Minnock second and Edinburg last. This position was maintained until the last half-mile, when Minnock fell to the rear and Edinburg went to the front and won the race in 3:46¾.

The third race was of mile heats. Before the start Frank Short sold for $150; Dunkirk, $61; Nettie Brooks, $56; Bettie F., $50; Crosslet, $12; and the field (comprising Ada Lambert, Ida Davis and Mollie McGinley) $15.

First heat.—Frank Short took the lead at the start, closely followed by Crosslet and Nettie Booker. These positions remained unchanged until coming into the homestretch, when Booker took second place and Dunkirk third. Frank Short won easily in 1:46¾.

Second heat.—Frank Short now sold for $100; the field $25. After six false starts the horses were sent away with Dunkirk in the lead, but he soon relinquished it to Short, who held it to the end, winning with ease in 1:47. Bettie F. was second and Nettie Booker third.

PAROLE'S NEXT ENGAGEMENT.—Parole's next engagement on the English turf is at Ascot, where on Tuesday, 10th inst., he is likely to run in the Ascot Stakes Handicap, about two miles. In this he has the top weights to carry, 125 lbs., while Jester, also six years old, and the winner of the Cesarewitch Handicap last October at Newmarket, gets off with 110 lbs. Jester in the Cesarewitch, two miles, two furlongs and twenty-eight yards, had 94 lbs. up, and the American filly Start, by Glenelg, out of Stamps, owned by Mr. M. H. Sanford, was second, with 98 lbs. on her back. Of the above list two were in the last Derby, run at Epsom May 28 last. These were Lord Rosebery's Visconti, who obtained third place in that event, and Mr. Acton's Squirrel, the last to finish of the twenty-three runners. The acceptance of the weights was set down for May 27, and it is likely that a goodly number are left in, so that Parole, who will undoubtedly start, will probably meet a fine field on Ascot Heath. The Ascot course is circular and short of two miles by sixty-six yards. This first half is nearly on the descent, and the last half, which is called the Old Mile, is uphill the greater part of the way, requiring a good horse to carry a heavy impost to victory. The nominations for the Goodwood Cup and the Jockey Club Cup at Newmarket are published. Parole is the only American horse in either, from which it is inferred that Mr. Brown despairs of Duke of Magenta's chances of success in the Jockey Club Cup. Parole does not receive the usual allowance for foreign birth, which is made claimable only by foreign horses who never won in England.

THE MICHIGAN CIRCUIT.—The Jackson and East Saginaw meetings promise to be great successes. The lists of entries are large and of good quality, assuring fine fields of starters. The Jackson meeting which commences on June 10, has the following: 2:50 class, 15; 2:27 class, 9; 2:34 class, 12; 2:23 class, 9; 2:50 class, 17; 2:30 class, 12; free-for-all, Cozette, Hannis, Proteine and Col. Lewis; 2:28 class, pacing, 8; total, 94. Rarus against time on the 11th inst., for a special purse. The East Saginaw meeting which commences June 17 has ninety-three entries. In the 2:50 class are sixteen entries; in the 2:33, ten entries; in the 2:40, sixteen; ten in the 2:30 class, and five in the free-for-all, among which are Hannis, Cozette, Proteine, Col. Lewis and Adelaide. The pacing class has eight entries, including Sleepy George and Sweetser. The Splan stable passed through Chicago from Des Moines, on the 8th inst., and is now at Jackson, Mich. He returns to Chicago after the Saginaw meeting, and among the notable additions to his string is the California gelding Col. Lewis, who will trot against Hopeful, mile heats, three in five in harness on July 4, over the Chicago Jockey Club track for a purse of $2,500. This race will take the place of the purse for three-year-olds which failed to fill.

FINE STOCK SALES.—Nashville, Tenn.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—During the last week we have had in this neighborhood three important stock sales. At Ewells Station Mr. Campbell Brown and Mr. Thomas Gibson sold a number of trotting and saddle horses, Jersey and short-horn cattle, and a number of fine sheep, consisting of South Downs, Cotswolds and Shropshires. Messrs. Overton, Thompson and Kirkman, sold a number of fine cattle, horses, and sheep at Mr. Thompson's farm four miles from the city, and Messrs. Harris and McKimmin had a similar character of sale, at the fair grounds. The attendance at the two first mentioned sales was very large, and the competition for the fine animals offered was unusually spirited, and full prices realized. The company in both instances were handsomely entertained, a grand barbecue of the finest mutton and shoat being furnished, washed down with oceans of buttermilk. This state is fast rivaling our neighbor state, Kentucky, in its stock sales. There is no reason why farmers desiring to change their place of residence, should not come to our state in preference, lands are much cheaper, and blue grass grows as well here as anywhere in the world. Blackwood Jr. is not being trained this year.

CLIMAX.

FRIENDSHIP PARK MEETING.—The management of this park at Pittsburgh, Pa, announce that they have 103 entries to the purses, of their trotting meeting, which commenced June 10, and if favored with good weather, anticipate a successful meeting. The purses aggregate $6,000, and among the noted horses entered are Hopeful, Darby, Scott's Thomas, Slow Go, Midnight, Henry, Richard, Deception and Gray Salem. Hopeful is to trot three heats against time for a special purse of $1,000, with $500 extra if 2:14 is beaten. This, it is expected, will be one of the most exciting trots during the summer.

For horses that have never beaten 2:18 the entries are: Midnight, Henry, Richard, Deception and Gray Salem. For the 2:50 class there are nineteen starters; 2:26, ten starters; 2:36, thirteen starters; 2:24, pacers, eight starters; 2:44, seventeen starters; 2:22, nine starters; 2:30, fifteen starters; 2:18, eight starters.

ARRIVAL OF THOROUGHBREDS.—The runners at the track of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club will have full sway for the next two weeks, since the arrival of D. McDaniels string from Princeton, N. J., the California stables of Messrs. Schwartz and Baldwin have been added; the former consisting of Mark L. four years, by Monday, dam Jennie C., entered in the Allerton Stakes; bay colt Lottery, four years, by Monday, dam Virginia, entered for the Garden City Cup; and Raven, four years, by Monday, dam Camilla Urso. Mr. Baldwin's string consists of Mollie McCarthy, Experiment, Clara D., Glendy, Regan and Blossom. The stable of R. W. Thomas, Creston, Ia., will reach the track this week; Mollie Merrill, Amenia, and Speculation are its representatives. The trotters Sam Purdy and Judge Fullerton were companions in the same car with the Schwartz stable and are now located at the track.

A TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES.—Dr. B. J. Kendall, Enosburgh Falls, Vt., has issued a handy book for horsemen, which gives the symptoms, cause and the best treatment of diseases in the horse, with a collection of valuable prescriptions. In addition there is given a table of all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison; a table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rules for telling the age of the horse, a collection of receipts, and much other valuable information. The book is well illustrated and probably in no other of its kind can so much be had for its price. It will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents by the publisher.

THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS.—This great annual turf event for three years, was run on June 8. In addition to a sweepstakes of $200 each, the club adds $20,000, which, with the large number of entries make it one of the most valuable stakes run for. The nominations numbered three hundred and sixty three, several of which were from England, the most notable being Sir Bevys, winner of the Derby, but owing to the death of Baron Rothschild, his owner, did not start. The race was won by Nubienne, an outsider, by a neck, and was as great a surprise as the result of the recent English Derby. Salteader was second and Flavio third. Zut was a strong favorite, but was unplaced. Twelve started.

SALE OF ENQUIRER.—A sale of the celebrated racing sire, Enquirer by Gen. Buford, is reported to have been made on June 8. The purchaser was Gen. W. G. Harding, Belle Meade Breeding Farm, Nashville, Tenn., for $10,000. Enquirer is a bay horse by imported Leamington, out of Lida by Lexington, and stands at the head of the list of winning sires at the Lexington and Louisville spring meeting of this year.

PURCHASE OF CHARLEY FORD.—The trotting gelding Charley Ford record 2:32, has been purchased by Jerry Monroe, this city.

THE CROWNING DISCOVERY.—All the "phones" of this phonetic age are surpassed in practical benefit to mankind, by the discovery of Allan's Anti-Fat, the great and only known remedy for obesity or corpulency. It produces no weakness or other unpleasant or injurious effect, its action being simply confined to regulating digestion, and preventing an undue assimilation of the carbonaceous, or flesh-producing elements of the blood. Sold by druggists.

Ellsworth, Kan., July 13, 1878.—Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me seven pounds in one week. (Advt.)
Yours respectfully, MRS. TAYLOR.

"I FEEL VERY PROUD."—A married lady says: "I feel quite proud since coloring my old dress and shawl with the beautiful dyes of Leamon's made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. They were almost no trouble at all to color, and they look like new."—(Advt.)

Hunting.

the Blackmoor Vale.

SIR,—Good runs are still the "order of the day" with this famous pack, and right well they killed their May fox on Friday, the 2nd, at Middlemarsh, after a splendid hunting run of two hours and forty minutes. But no one with the chance before him of choosing a specimen day could fail to spot the bye-day at Pullman as the best and most fascinating of all. Sir Richard ought indeed to be thanked for holding out in the plucky manner he has, for seldom do we see the hounds flying o'er the green pastures on the 3rd of May as I did on Saturday last. Still, on Monday, the 28th, we had a day from Bishop's Caundle which will not easily be forgotten. Finding a fox in Deadmoor, they went away at a racing pace by Kingston over fences which, once jumped, will ever be remembered. Each obstacle seems to take more jumping, as the severity of the ground and pace tells its tale, almost every field offering its contribution to the number of dirty coats as reynard leaves the latter village on his left, and races for Hazelbury common. Perhaps he wishes to have a peep at the carriages which were quietly awaiting his arrival. Who knows? Well, if he did, his curiosity at least was gallant and well rewarded. Still he dwelt not long under their fascination, but turned to the more serious work of providing for his own safety, as a little black dog, which is in the vicinity, dashes after him. An instant and the hounds fly up the hill, with the field sweeping in their wake. But reynard is putting some ugly traps between himself and his enemies which cover some with glory and others with mud, as he veers to the left and races down the Hazelbury Vale. Leaving the village on his left he gives them an ugly lead over raspers, immense oxers, and a big brook, which I hear was the first unpleasant check to some who had been going well before—as they found the bed of the river not quite as comfortable as a bed of feathers. I was on wheels to-day, but I saw the "end of the tail," on reaching the hill above Hazelbury; but it was wagging ominously, for two or three of the pursuers were wandering up and down craning disconsolately at the big, ugly-looking fences with which they were surrounded. One is over at last with a fearful stumble. "He's off! No, he's not! he hangs by the mane!" but one or two scrambles, and he once more regains the reins of power. The hounds meanwhile are racing for Stoke, which they leave on their left. Report says only one horseman is near them as they veer to the right for Mappowder and Nettlecomb Tout. Dragging their horses up this precipice, and knowing that the hounds were racing away on the top, must have made men show the "seamy side of nature." It is true I could not see them dip into the Liscomb valley, but I have heard since they did so, and, racing back by Mr. Watts' barn above the Park, sweep down into that morass. I see the beaten horses creeping down the hill as the hounds are running through Hall Wood to the Park and away for Armswell (leaving Plush on their left), where the scent becomes cold and fragmentary as they disappear over the hill.

But I must return to the 3rd of May, which was another glorious day. The sun, too, was shining brightly as I jumped into the pigskin and wended my way to the fixture for the last time. Ah! this is the "finishing day," and right well the season had ended; indeed, the most ambitious could not have wished for better—only give a good start, which I lost to-day, and a horse like one of the late Major Whyte Melville's, which was

> The jewel and pride of the stable,
> The brighest and best of her race,
> Reliable, willing, and able,
> Unequaled in fencing and pace;
> Light-footed, light-mouthed and light-hearted,
> Of lineage as old as the flood—
> The worth of those fliers departed
> Condensed in each drop of her blood.

A short trot up a narrow lane, and I am knee deep in a field by Rooksmoor. The mud flies like a water-spout, and I am literally drenched, but "Tally ho! Tally ho!" is echoing far and near. Reynard is breaking for fir tree covert. They are dusting him merrily round the plantation as a hound jumps over the bars. His straight hams, widespread thighs, and low drooping chest, confess his speed. With head gracefully drooped on one side he stands an instant, but they are away on the further side, and we dash madly on as

> They dart o'er the subtle line more fleet
> Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet
> On the wild Noverber day.

How they race across those deep meadows to a stiff fence, with plenty of binders to trap the unwary! One horseman is already down on my left, but it is heart breaking work, as the horses struggle into a driftway up to their knees in a cream-colored glue. Deadmoor is evidently his point, and the hounds are as keen as cayenne after him as he dashes through a corner of the gorse, leaving the large covert on his right. A few fields which are in better condition allow me to settle down in earnest as they dash across a road and up over a blind ditch into some ridge and furrow, which rides deep and pumping; but they are veering to the right, crossing the Sturminster Road for Fifehead Neville. I see a charming bit of grass, which is quickly taken advantage of, as it is firmer sailing, and a welcome gate to the left leads us up by a brook, which is unjumpable. I see them all leading their horses down a nasty place into the river (I believe) before me, so I conclude I cannot go there, but glancing to the right a bridge quickly sets matters straight. Leaving Mr. Connop's house on our right, we race down the valley and up the hill beyond to Sturminster Common. Reynard is still flying ahead, having placed a small covert on the hill between himself and his enemies. Veering to the right he sweeps down over the hill, where we find a big drop, which furthers the progress of many towards mother earth rather than in the direction of the hounds. The bank was dark, with a double growth of thorn, whilst the ditch was big enough to girt an entrenched army in Zululand. Those who "loooked no more," but veered to the right over a succession of smaller doubles, were excusably the rule rather than the exception, with terribly beaten horses. Still it has to be done, and I soon find myself on the right side as I race down the hill, across the valley, and up another to Whitmore, where a check ensues. The pace has been terrific throughout this splendid forty minutes, and staked, fallen, and loose horses have all been passed.

But "Tally-ho!" "Tally-ho!" to the most exquisite music once more sets us going, and we find reynard has decided on seeking a home in Kitford Coppice, but finding himself hard pressed, he faces through and away for Mount Pleasant and Woodland. This he leaves on his left, and leads them across a brook, which requires some doing, across to Cockrow, beyond which covert he disapyears in a mysterious, unexplainable manner.

Deadmoor is next asked the question in vain, for all the vulpine family took the sharp hint which they had received in the early morning. Stock is now "the order of the day," and reynard must have been away immediately, the hounds were in covert, for we found them flying to the left. A big fence with some ugly rails on the landing side, which had received the attention of some enterprising individual who made it a degree or two easier, lay in our path; I sail over and race up the hill beyond, as I find the hounds have veered to the left for Rooksmoor. Some bars, with a boggy take-off or an over strongly seasoned with timber, lie before me. I choose the latter, and race ahead for Pulham. Leaving it on his right, he runs to Boyford, where a check in an orchard lets up those who got an unlucky start. A cast, and they join in the chorus, as they pitch on the line, and away and across a new-made fence girt with a double ditch. Across the corner of the next field, and a slippery fence under a tree lies in their path. I go to the right, for well I know there is no ford there. To my dismay, I see one has been found, and we have to peg merrily away across the emerald turf to get near them. Still leaving King Stag on our right, and the village of Pulham on our left, we come to some stiff rails; these are hammered and kicked at in the most determined way, but they defy all persuasion and the field veer to the right. But, see! a blaze-faced chesnut is sent at it by a pink, forty miles an hour, and he flies it in splendid style, though no one essayed to follow so good a lead. Across a few fields and we reach a large gorse, where he was given up, as there were known to be cubs in this pretty fox home where reynard was most probably laid down. Thus ended the season with these splendid hounds, who have killed more than eighty brace of foxes since they commenced the campaign.—*M. F. A. S., in London Field.*

Otters and Otter Hunting.

The impression that the otter has become an almost extinct animal in this country is scarcely borne out by recent facts. The otter may now be said to be fairly plentiful on most of the northern salmon and trout rivers, and keepers are becoming quite concerned at the havoc caused by them in their preserves. All along Tweedside daily examples are afforded that otters have been busy. Numbers of dead salmon have been discovered on the banks with one big bite taken out of the fleshiest part of the fish, and the remainder left to rot, for, notwithstanding the gluttonous nature of the otter, he is an animal of very dainty tastes. If he would but eat up the fish's entire body, keepers might mitigate the intensity of their dislike to his presence, but having bitten the best piece out of one, his habit is to plunge for another, and so on, until he has appeased his enormous appetite. The consequence is, that unless he is well kept down, preserves quickly become valueless, and as there are few packs to hunt him, constant warfare is maintained with trap and gun. These, however, do not prove very successful.

Next to the fox, the otter is the most cunning of animals. He seems to instinctively perceive a trap from afar, and carefully avoids it. As for getting a shot at him, so cleverly does he cover up his retreat, that the only safe plan is to whitewash the ground thereabout, and ween his black body is observed above it, to fire into him. Nothing would please fish-preservers and their keepers more than to see otter packs established. At present there are few in existence, but rumors are current that we are shortly to have more. The new packs will be welcome enough both to the sportsman and the pisciculturist, affording as they will, amusement to the one, and protection to the preserves of the other.—*Live Stock Journal and Fanciers' Gazette.*

DISCOVERY OF THE SKULL OF AN ANTHOPOID APE.—Mr. Theobald, of the Geological Survey, has recently made this important and interesting discovery, in the Siwalik rocks of the Punjab, near the village of Jabi. The skull is of an unusually large size, the upper jaw and nearly a complete set of teeth are well preserved, and have been carefully and completely described by Mr. Lydekker in the first part of the records of the survey for the present year. The jaw belonged to an adult female, who must have been quite as large as the female gorilla or orang. The animal was an undoubted ape, because the molar teeth form two straight parallel rows, instead of being arranged in a horseshoe shape, as in man. There is also a "diastema," or space, left between the front teeth and the canines, occupied by the large canines of the lower jaw when the mouth was shut. On the whole, the teeth of this animal are more like those of the chimpanzee; they distinctly approach man; Mr. Lydekker considers that the points in which this ape differs from the orang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee are at least as numerous as those in which the living apes differ from each other, and be therefore proposes to give it a new name, palæopithecus. This is the first large anthropoid ape that has been found in India, and it is the only fossil form known that approaches man as the living apes do. If further search should result in the discovery of the cranium or the limb bones of the animal, its general affinities would become much better known.—*London Country.*

OTTER TRAPPING IN BRUNSWICK.—In the columns of our contemporary the "Deutsche Landwirthschaftliche Presse," M. Fr. Hartung, of Brunswick, who has been for many years engaged in the state service as inspector of forests and preserves, describes the method of trapping otters which he has long adopted with extraordinary success. It is well known that otters have the habit of regularly visiting all the holes in the banks of the waters they frequent, and making one or other of them their resting place during the day. M. Hartung makes artificial holes in the banks, and lines them with brickwork, or inserts in them a rough wooden trough or pipe, coated inside with a ½ in. thickness of clay. The canals thus formed should be about 7in. wide, 9in. high, and 5ft. in length, the entrance being either just above or just below the water level, and the run of the canal inland inclining gradually upwards. The land end of the burrow is closed by a wooden door, through which the game may be removed, and near the free end is a trap board connected with a string or spring in such a manner that the otters entrance causes it to fall behind him, and so keeps him imprisoned till the sportsman goes his round of inspection. Traps of this kind are said to last in good working order for twenty years or more, and are very cheaply erected. According to M. Harting they appesr to exercise a kind of fascination on their intended victims, for no otter coming anywhere near them can resist the temptation of paying them a visit, and so insuring his own capture.

INSECTICIDES FOR USE IN GARDENS.—Writing in a Hessian agricultural journal, Professor Nessler recommends as a poison for plant lice, and insects generally, a preparation which he believes has hitherto never been applied for that purpose. It consists of a weak solution of fusel oil in a mixture of methylated spirit and water. The best method of applying it is by a small oil can, such as is used in lubricating the works of sewing machines, the graduated pressure of the thumb on the bottom of the can regulating the dose with great exactitude. The most delicate plants suffer no injury from this application, which is nevertheless absolutely fatal to their insect pests. Commenting on the same subject, our contemporary the "Giorisale di Agricoltura" recommends the application of a solution of oxalic acid, of the strength of sixteen grams. to the litre of water, as the best possible means of freeing trees from the attacks of the *Schizoneura lanigera*. When the insects are very numerous, a repetition of the application in eight or ten days' time is generally advisable.

TRAINED CORMORANTS FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA.—When H.I.H. the Crown Prince of Austria, during his stay in England last year, honored the Falconry Club with a visit, he was much struck with some cormorants which he saw belonging to the master, Capt. Dugmore; and, on learning the use for which they were intended, expressed a wish to have some for fishing in Austria. Capt. Dugmore promised to have some trained for him, and on her recent departure from Ireland the Empress of Austria took with her several of these birds, which had been trained by the club falconer, John Barr, one of the Empresse's suite, the Graf d'Eitz, paying a visit to Broughall Castle, Capt. Dugmore's residence in Ireland, for the purpose of receiving instructions respecting their management. The Crown Prince of Austria, following the example of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, has been pleased to become a patron of the Falconry Club, and, we understand, proposes to take steps for the encourgement of falconry in Austria.—*Land and Water.*

BIRDS CHOKED BY FISH.—In one of your numbers a short time since, an instance was recorded of a "little grebe" having been choked in the attempt to swallow a "miller's thumb." A similar instance occurred in this parish some years back. The grebe was found dead with the fish in its mouth; it was stuffed as found, and is now in the possession of Mr. J. Smith, Calcot, near Reading, who occupied the Tidmarsh Mill at the time. I was witness of a similar accident, although not a fatal one, to a king-fisher about two years since. I was walking by a stream which flows past my meadows, when a kingfisher rose, or tried to rise, from the bank, but immediately fell into the water. Having drawn it to the shore, I found a miller's thumb firmly fixed in its throat and mouth, and the bird, with closed eyes, apparently in a dying state. I extracted the fish with difficulty, and held the poor bird in my hand for more than half an hour, when it gradually recovered, and at length flew cheerfully away.—*English Ex.*

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kenne advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

THE BEST SHOOTING SUITS. Address GEO. C. HENNING, Washington, D. C. 11-12-tf

WANTED.—A pair of sand hill cranes. Address with price, Editor CHICAGO FIELD. 10-1 tf

DR. CARVER.—Send forty cents for a cabinet photograph of Dr. Carver to C. A. ZIMMERMAN, St. Paul, Minn. 10-9-tf

SEND 25 cents for photograph from life of pure Laverack Thunder. Address W. L. McCONNELL, New Castle, Pa. 11-13-tf

EXCHANGE.—I will exchange a Rake—Phyllis pup for a Winchester rifle, model of 1873. D. C. BERGUNDTHAL, Indianapolis, Ind. 11-13-2t

WANTED.—Black Squirrels, Wild Turkeys, Hawks, Owls, Blue Jays, and Quails. Address FANCIERS' AGENCY, P.O. Box 316, New York City. 10-11-tf

FOR SALE.—The CHICAGO FIELD every Friday morning at SMITH'S, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer, 122 Dearborn St., Chicago.

GUNS.—Choked bored and made to shoot as close as desired. A full stock of guns and sporting goods always on hand. J. R. BUCKNUM, Atchison, Kansas. 9-19-6m.

FOR SALE.—A challenge Tolley, Purdy double bolt, lever in front of trigger guard; weight, 9 lbs 8 oz.; 10-gauge; ¼ pistol grip; 3-inch drop, 14½ length of stock; 32-in barrels; but little used; in leather case, with implements complete and 25 nickel plated shells. Cash price, $175, currency. Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I., or Horace Smith, 33 Park Row, New York. 8-35-tf

KENNEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this head for 25 cts a line for the first insertion, and 15 cts for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, $3.50 per inch for first, and $2.50 for each subsequent insertion.

50 Cents A Copy.

THREE FOR A DOLLAR.



KIT KILLBIRD'S

DOG PATHS TO SUCCESS!"

A complete manual for teaching pointer and setter for the field, 60 p. 7x5.

To which are added the standards for judging the pointer, setter and cocker spaniel, with various hints concerning the cocker, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole prefaced by "Sand Snipe." Liberal discount to dealers.

Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the above price. Address, W. C. PERCY, Tunica, Louisiana, or Wm Hunt, Jr., Fargo, Dakota, Ter. 8-21-tf

HOLABIRD'S

Breeding Kennel.

STUD DOGS.

IMPORTED PLUNKET, Red Irish, young and vigorous as when a pup.

PALMERSTON, JR., lately imported, the finest formed red Irish setter in America. (Chest measures 30 in., head 11, nose 4½.) He is bred from Champion Palmerston, out of QUAIL, litter sister to Champion Elcho.

Imported Rapp—pure Gordon. The best stock dog in the stud anywhere. Fee for choice $25.

Brood bitches, imp. Gordon Nell; imp. Laverack—Irish Carrie; and Lady Plunket (Plunket—Kitty). These bitches are all very fine and will be bred to the best stud dogs to be found this Spring. Pups $15 and $25. Several broken. Retrieving spaniels for sale at $25 to $40.

I believe I am not egotistical when I affirm that I have the best lot of dogs in America. Address me for particulars. W. H. HOLABIRD, Valparaiso, Ind.

Hin's on Dog Breaking by W. H. Holabird, 25 cents. 11-5-tf

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

THE

HIGHEST AWARD

FOR

Dog Biscuits

WAS GIVEN TO

SPRATT'S PATENT

MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

The order for feeding the dogs at the Great International Dog Show, held in conjunction with the Great International Exhibition at Paris, was given to Spratt's Patent by the Minister of Agriculture, and the dogs were sent home, after 12 days confinement (the longest on record), in perfect health and condition.

In addition to the above, Spratt's Patent have been awarded over 27 gold, silver & bronze medals, including the Silver Medal of the Kennel Club of England, and Gold Medal of the Westminster Kennel Club, New York; and "Only Medal ever given" by the English Government for Dog Biscuits.

FRANCIS O. de LUZE,

SOLE AGENT, 18 South William St., NEW YORK. 7-1-1y

FOR SALE.

Owing to want of a place for keeping I will sell or trade my entire kennel of Irish and Gordon setters. Will accept guns, real estate or horses in exchange. Must dispose of them before June 1st.

Three handsome red Irish puppies, by Stoddard's Bob, out of Clytie (Elcho and Fire Fly) for sale; (now two weeks old) to deliver to purchaser when six weeks old. My stock is of the purest strains, and known for its field qualities. For particulars address GEO. B. DOUGAN, Richmond, Ind. 11-10-tf

KENNEL.

ROB ROY KENNEL.

CHAMPION ROB ROY, Field Trial, black, white and tan, by Laverack's Fred out of Statter's Rhoebe (founder of the Field-Trial strain); bred by Thos. Statter, and noted for both field and stud qualities. Winner of the Champion Stakes, Shrewsbury, 1872, and of four other field trials—the only dog in America that has won an English championship at trials.

DRUID.—Llewellin breed; black, white and tan; by Llewellin's Prince (full brother to Countess and Nelly), out of Dora. Druid has won at four English field trials, beating Rob Roy and Macdona's Ranger; also upon the bench. No English dog in America except Rob Roy has an equal field record. At St. Louis when out of condition Druid got V.H.C. in the champion class, 2d in the open class and 1st in braces with Queen Mab, beating Smith's Leicester and Faris.

CHAMPION RUFUS, Irish, deep red, no white, by Trench's Shot out of Trench's Linda, combining the celebrated Trench, Daly & Hendrick's purestrains. One of the best bred and handsomest dogs in the country, and winner of nine prises in England and America, including the Irish championship at New York (beating Elcho) and Stock Dog Cup.

Rufus is the sire of the following noted prize winners, all of one litter: Rufus II. Centennial Irish Champion; Rory O'More, 1st New York (beating the get of Elcho and Plunket); Fire Fly, 1st Centennial and 2d New York; Kelpie, 3d Centennial, and Fanchon 1st Kansas City.

FEE—Rob Roy, $35; Druid, $35; Rufus, $25. Apply to

5-17-tf **Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich.**

Diseases of Dogs.

—o—

Remedies for Distemper, Paralysis, Worms, Mange, Canker, Purgative, Alterative, and Tonic Pills, etc., will be forwarded with full directions to any address on receipt of $1 per bottle or package of pills.

Letters asking advice and prescriptions, in order to receive attention, must be accompanied by a fee of $1.

A. H. BAKER,

Veterinary Surgeon,

Medalist of the Montreal Veterinary College, Member of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association. Veterinarian to the CHICAGO FIELD. Veterinarian to the Illinois Humane Society.

125 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO.

6-10-tf

THE STUD BOOK

JUST PUBLISHED.

National American Kennel Club

STUD BOOK, Vol. I.

Sent Free by Mail on Receipt of Price, $2 per copy. For sale only by JNO. W. MUNSON, Sec'y, 315 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Entries can now be made in Vol. II. on blanks furnished for that purpose to be had of the secretary.

11-10-tf

BUZZARD'S
Canine Medicines.

Buzzard's Distemper Pills $1 per box.
Buzzard's Mange Liniment $1 and $2 per bottle.
Buzzard's Alterative Cooling Powders $1 per box.
Buzzard's Worm Powders, $1 per box.
Buzzard's Canker Wash $1 per bottle.

The above medicines will be sent to any address, by return of mail, with full directions, on receipt of the above named prices. Prepared only by

Dr. A. E. BUZZARD,
Veterinary Surgeon,
Nashville, Tenn.

Member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons London, Eng.

Dr. Buzzard will send, per return of mail, on receipt of $1 and full particulars of any disease of domesticated animals, advice and prescriptions. Address as above, P. O. Box 65, Nashville, Tenn. 10-16-tf

"The Dilley Pointer"

ROYAL DON,

By Snipe, out of Countess Royal, own sister to Dilley's Ranger, full pedigree,

IN THE STUD.

Broken and hunted on all game.

Fee $15.

Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I.
10-19-tf

Rob Roy Kennel Drafts.

I have for sale a very handsome brace (dog and bitch) by Druid, out of Nilsson, whelped Apr. 24, will be ready for delivery the last of June. Nilsson is full sister to my Champion Queen Mab, is one of the six living Dan—Nelly bitches, and has proved herself a grand brood bitch, her last litter being the best I have ever seen. Druid and Nilsson should produce the finest possible progeny of the unequaled Llewellin strain. Also a splendidly bred six month's old black, white and tan bitch. Apply to ARNOLD BURGES, Hillsdale, Mich.
11-12-tf

TOPEKA KENNEL.

Champion Sleaford, pointer, Llewellin setter Brussels, and Beau, Burdette, cocker spaniel, in the stud. Whelps sired by each of the above dogs respectively, of different ages, for sale, out of fine native and imported bitches. A number of finely broken pointers and setters for sale.

A 24-page pamphlet, containing Stonehenge's points for judging dogs, with ideas on breeding and training, by A. C. Waddell, and other valuable matter to sportsmen, forwarded on receipt of four postage stamps. IRWIN & WADDELL, Topeka, Kan. 11-7-tf

DISEASES OF THE DOG

and their HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT, including

CARE AND TRAINING,

By SILVER STRAIN, will be ready on and after June 1st. Price 50 cents. Mailed free. Postage stamps taken. Address Box 199, Stamford, Conn.
11-17-tf

COCKERS.

For sale, two dogs and two bitches, of my Whitman's Deck—Nelly Bligh litter, whelped April 25. Three are solid liver, one liver and white; all handsome, strong, and ready for delivery at once. Price $10 each. Address A. H. HORNBY, Room 8, 120 Dearborn street Chicago.

KENNEL.

JOHN BOLUS,

Killbuck Kennels, Wooster, O.

Field Trial Setters

DOGS and BITCHES

WITH IMP.

Belton

IN THE

STUD.



THE CELEBRATED BLACK, WHITE AND TAN FIELD TRIAL SETTER DOG "BELTON."

Laverack Gordon AND **IRISH Setters** with Irish **Mack** in the **STUD.**

Fee for Native or Imported Bitches, to Either Dog, $25.

Broken and Unbroken Pointers and Setters $25 to $150 each. Boarders $4 per month. Room for One Hundred Dogs.

SPECIAL.—I would respectfully inform the many late applicants that all Field Trial Puppies from Last Litters are Sold, but will have due by March 10th FOUR MORE LITTERS by **BELTON**, out of two Field Trial and two Laverack bitches. To avoid mistakes made by several in regard to my last advertisement, I will herein state: Puppies are sold at eight weeks old only, for $15. After that from $25 to $75 according to age.

I am Breeding to BELTON the following broken imported Field Trial and Laverack bitches: BRAMBLE, BREEZE, BLONDE, BELMORE, BOLOSSY, MAGNET 2d and 3d, and ROSE.

For further particulars, pedigrees, and lithographs, address

JOHN BOLUS, Wooster, Ohio.

Hyde Park Kennel.

DON.

The liver-colored pointer dog Don now in the stud. He is of the famous Gen. Webster stock. Terms $15. For further particulars apply to Mr. JOSEPH BRITTAIN, 52d and State streets, Chicago. 11-16-3m

CHAMPION JACK AND RACE.

CHAMPION JACK is a white and orange English setter, with black eyes and nose, winner during 1878 of two championships, one first and five special prizes. Has always won wherever entered.

RACE, a son of champion Elcho out of Fanny Fern, is a deep red, and 1st prize winner at St. Louis Show, first prize winner at Detroit this year; and with his brother Ben winner of Brace Stakes at Baltimore show, 1878, beating champions Berkley and Loo II. Fee, $25 each. Address, E. C. WALLER, 94 Washington St., Chicago. 8-8-6tf

DASH III.

PUPPIES FOR SALE.

Out of OPAL (Rake—Fanny), by Champion Dash III. (Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate), winner with Drake of Brace Stakes, Nashville, 1878. Address NELSON D. MATHEWAY, M.D.

11-11-tf Middleboro, Mass.

IN THE PUBLIC STUD,

E. F. STODDARD'S IMPORTED RED IRISH SETTER

CHAMPION BOB.

The high order of his field and bench show qualities, combined with the purity of his breeding, makes him the most desirable Irish setter sire in America. Full pedigree and list of winnings sent on application. Address R. B. MORGAN, Canton, Stark Co., O.
11-5-tf

Stud Pointers.

Faust, - Fee $75.
Bow, - Fee 50.

Address **St. Louis Kennel Club,**
11-15-tf 706 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

IN THE STUD.

IMPORTED RED IRISH SETTER DOG

DERG.

Fee $35.
Address P. O. Box 767, Baltimore, Md.
11-15-8t

IN THE STUD.

GORDON SETTER DOG

GROUSE.

Fee $35.

Address **JAMES MOORE,**
Toledo, Ohio,
10-26-tf Toledo Kennel Club.

IN THE STUD,

Irish Setter

RANGER.

FEE, $20.

Address **GEO. S. FOWLER,**
9-20-3 mos. Fort Wayne, Ind.

STUD DOGS.

Lemon and white pointer VISCOUNT, red Irish setter DASH, black field spaniel BUB (all imported). Viscount $30; Dash $15; Bub $20. Address R. M. LINDSAY, Scranton, Pa.
Young stock for sale low. 11-13-tf

IN THE STUD.

GORDON SETTER DOG

RUPERT.

Rupert won championship at New York, Boston and Baltimore dog shows. For terms and pedigree address W. J. FARRAR, Toledo, O. 11-5-June 1

FOR SALE.

ENGLISH RETRIEVER BITCH FLORA

Wavy-coated, very handsome, by Jet out of Swan, both imported by Parker & Blake. This bitch is of excellent constitution, and for anyone desirous of breeding or crossing is very valuable. Only parted with for want of a place to keep her. Price low if *taken at once.*

Address, C. F. LEWIS,
11-5-tf Care CHICAGO FIELD.

RATTLER

In the Stud.

Blue belton, Llewellin setter, winner of three bench prizes, by Champion Rob Roy (winner of five English field trials), out of the pure Laverack bitch Pickles. Will serve bitches at $20. Litters warranted. Inquire of L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. 10-20-tf

Sportsmen's Picture.

A beautiful colored lithograph (19 x 24) of the celebrated field trial champion Joe Jr., and Blue Daisy II., litter sister to Sanborn's champion Nellie. This lithograph was made from a sketch taken on the spot while M. C. Campbell was hunting the two dogs on his farm in Tennessee. It represents Joe Jr. pointing and Daisy backing, with Campbell ready for "a rise." Price, post paid, $1.00. Send money, P. O. order, or registered letter. W. H. HOLABIRD. Valparaiso, Ind, 11-7-1y

Lady Elgin For Sale.

This Llewellin setter bitch, by Carlowitz out of Queen Bess—the most celebrated blood in the world. She was whelped in February, 1878, is thoroughly yard-broken, and handled last season on game. Black, white and tan, and very handsome. Address, F. B. FARNSWORTH, Washington, D. C. 11-11-eowtf

Champion Stock for Sale.

Six bitch puppies, o w, champions France and Zita, she first prize, Syracuse, N. Y. Price $10 each. W. VIE, 17th and North Market streets, St. Louis.
11-16-4t

Llewellin Pups for Sale.

Out of Belle (Pride of the Border—Kirby) by Warwick (Leicester—Petrel). Address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Del. 11-5-tf

Llewellin Bitch for Sale.

Leda, litter sister to John E. Long's Coin. In whelp to Druid, due May 12. Address W. J. G. DEAN, Hanover, Mich. 11-8-3teow

The Sound View Kennel.

Plunket, Elcho, Rufus and Saltus' Dash stock for sale. Address David G. Hart, Northport, Long Island, N. Y. 7-26-tf.

FOR SALE.

Deep red Irish setter pups, by Erin II., out of imported Fan II., whelped March 6, 1879.

Also two very deep red bitches, by Berkley, out of Fan II., whelped August 9, 1878.

Also two very fine native setter pups, o w, a dog and bitch, whelped March 15, 1879.

For price and pedigree address HENRY GRIFFITHS, Butler, Montgomery Co., Ill. 11-16-3t

FOR SALE.

Setter DOGS and BITCHES, from 7 mos. to 3 yrs. old, broken and unbroken, black and tan, and black, white and tan Gordons, red with white, and lemon and white out of Mab, Di, Flirt, Tip, Jessie and Gypsie, sired by Gauzer's Dan, Copeland's (formerly Jerome's) Shot, Colburn's Dash, Saltus' Dash, Stoddard's Duke and Mann's Duke.

For pedigrees in full and price, apply to

5-15-tf JAMES R. TILLEY, Locust Valley, L. I.

KENNEL.

FOR SALE.

A thoroughbred Chesapeake Bay dog; water dog; a beautiful sedge color, young and well broken. Price $60, delivered at the express office.

Also a beautiful Hambletonian mare, named Starlight Bess, young and very fast; beautifully marked; 15 hands high. Address, GEO. BECK, Lankford, P. O. Kent Co., Maryland 11-9-tf

FOR SALE.

Five Newfoundland—St. Bernard dogs, one dog and five bitches; the former is the largest dog in Chicago. All very handsome, intelligent, and great watch dogs. Also a few puppies. The owner is preparing to go abroad and will sell reasonably if applied for soon. Address M. SCHLOETZER, 19 Newberry Ave., Chicago. 11-18-tf

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a choice cocker spaniel pup, out of imported stock; is nicely broken to retrieve from land and water, work very nice; is six months old. For further particulars, pedigree, etc., apply to U. C. BEVERUNG, Palmyra, Wis. 11-18-tf

FOR SALE.

The red Irish setter bitch Juno, and 1 dog or 2 bitch pups by Champion Elcho, whelped Dec. 20, 1878, all red and very fine. Juno won first prize at Providence, 1876. Address THOS. ADCOCK, Valley Mills, Providence, R. I. 11-9-tf

SPIKE COLLARS.—Spike and Choke Collars, by means of which dogs of ANY AGE OR BREED, no matter how long hunted, or what the disposition, can be taught to fetch and carry, and to retrieve game in a most perfect manner, with no play about it. Dogs broken of gun-shyness and whip-shyness, made steady before and behind, and "to heel" steadily, prevents lugging on the chain, besides a much more extended sphere of usefulness. Price, with directions for using, $3. Kennel Collars, which no dog can get over his head: price, $1. Patent applied for. Made adjustable to fit any dog. Address, M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del. 6-23-tf

FOR SALE.—Red Irish setter pups, 3 months old Both sire and dam imported; sire, York, prize winner, and both good field dogs, and the pups guaranteed. Full pedigree given. Gordon setter pups, color black and tan, are from the best stock of J. R. Tilley, of Locust Valley; never had a pup of this strain but turned out first-class field dog. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. 11-17-2t

FOR SALE—Four Llewellin setter puppies by the celebrated Dash III—Starlight, No. 515, K. S. B. These puppies combine the blood of Blue Prince, Armstrong's Kate, and the Dan Laveracks, the most successful cross known. Thus bred, these puppies should, for field qualities and beauty, be unsurpassed. Price $35. Address H. W. DURGIN, Bangor, Me. 11-17-tf

FOR SALE.—Four thoroughbred, deep red Irish setter pups, by imported champion setter Joe, and out of Bess, she by Pat, out of Biddy, both imported. Also a thoroughly broken setter of the Gildersleeve strain; and a fine thoroughbred broken pointer. For particulars address HORACE SMITH, No. 33 Park Row, New York. 8-17-tf

PHYLLIS.—I have four puppies by Rake out of Phyllis for sale. They are strong and healthy, marked black, white and tan. No more of this cross for sale before next Summer. Don't waste your time and mine writing unless you can pay my price, $25. D. C. BERGUNDTHAL, Indianapolis, Ind. 11-16-4t

CHAMPION DRAKE PUPPIES.—For sale nine dog puppies out of my Field Trial setter bitch Fly, sired by Luther Adams' double champion Field Trial winner, Drake. They are black and white. Address George H. Hitchcock, P. O. Box 58, Quincy, Mass. 11-18-3t

FOR SALE—AND STOCK AT VERY LOW PRICES—A fine assortment of Yorkshire, Skye and black and tan terriers, pugs, King Charles and all other fancy breed of dogs. All letters promptly answered. HENRY KISTERMANN, 157, E. 35th St., New York City. 11-17-tf

FOR SALE.—One red (Irish—Gordon) dog pup, whelped Dec. 8, 1877. Price $25. Also a pair very fine pointer dog pups, price $10 each. DR. S. J. COYNE, 163 Western Ave., Chicago. 9-9-tf

FOR SALE.—Three pups by Druid, out of Swayze (Rake—Fanny) whelped May 27, 1879; black, white and tan, nicely marked. For pedigree, etc., apply to H. H. TURNER, Virginia, Ill. 11-18-3t

FOR SALE.—First choice pup, dog or bitch, of my Bow—Beulah (Flake—Lily) litter. $40. Whelped May 1st, beautifully marked. EDISTO, P. O. Box 102, Clarksville, Tenn. 11-18-2t

THE DOG BREAKER'S GUIDE.—Train your own dogs in the most artistic manner. "The Dog Breaker's Guide" sent for three cent stamp. M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del. 8-1-tf

FOR SALE.—The native setter bitch Spot, and two blue belton bitch pups, out of Spot by the pure Laverack setter Thunder. Address W. L. ELLVERSON, New Brighton, Pa. 11-15-tf

FOR SALE.—Five setter dog pups, ten weeks old, sired by a son of Plunket, and dam a black and white Gordon setter. Price $5 each. W. H. MOORE, Bellevue, Ohio, 11-18-tf

FOR SALE.—A number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, which I will sell very low. HOMER B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. 11-10-tf

SPRATT'S DOG BISCUITS for sale in small or large quantities by F. P. Taylor, 72 E. Madison street, Chicago. 11-9-tf

FOR SALE.—Cocker spaniel puppies, imported stock, 3 months old. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. 11-16-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bond & Ellsworth,

Commission Merchants,

163 So. Water St., Chicago.

Can supply clubs with wild pigeons at short notice. Catch is light this season and clubs wanting birds should get orders in early. Cash to accompany orders in all cases.

11-18-4t

Game Laws.

We will send, printed in neat pamphlet form, the Game and Game-Fish Laws, as now in force, of any state, territory, or Canadian Province on the receipt of 10 cents. Address GAME LAWS PUBLISHING CO., New York City. Can also be had at all gun stores, fishing tackle dealers, or news agents. 11-18-tf

Poultry Guide Free.

For three-cent stamp, or with handsome chrome picture of poultry for 25 cents. B. & C. VON CULIN, Box 18, Delaware City, Del. 11-10-tf